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By the men . . . for the men in the service

SIGNAL CORPS IN NEWFOUNDLAND

The Sinking of the Baby Flat-top Liscome Bay

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FROM THIS POINT IT IS ONLY 300 YARDS STRAIGHT UP THE MOUNTAIN TO THE SUMMIT, BUT TO GET THERE THE SIGNAL CORPS CREW AND DOG TEAM MUST FOLLOW A WINDING ROUTE THAT LEADS OVER TWO MILES OF NEWFOUNDLAND'S SNOW-COVERED TRAILS.

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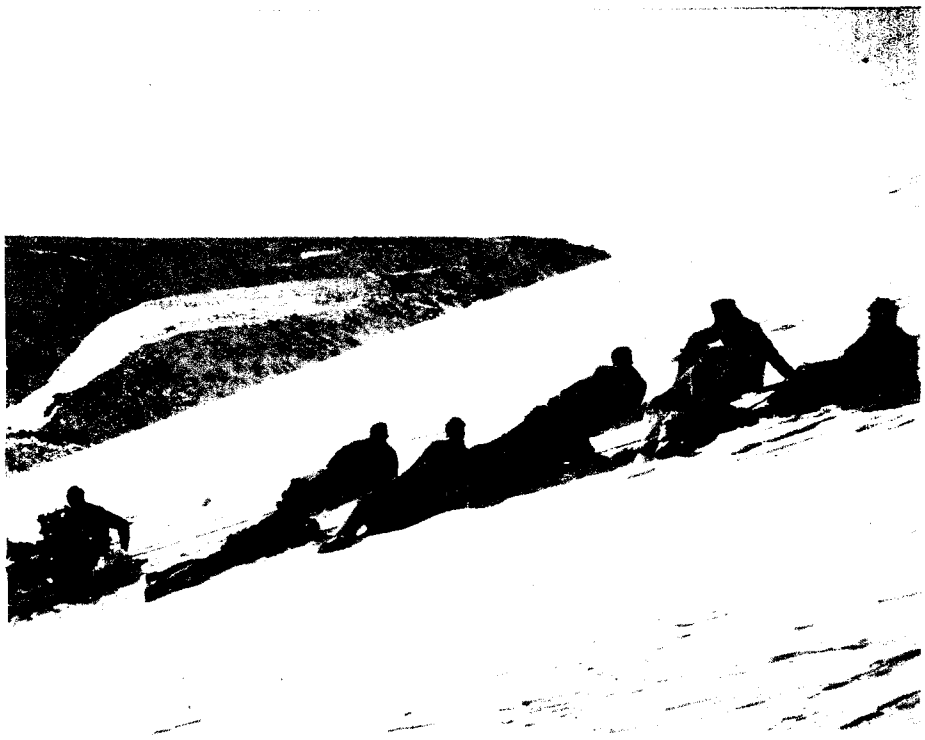

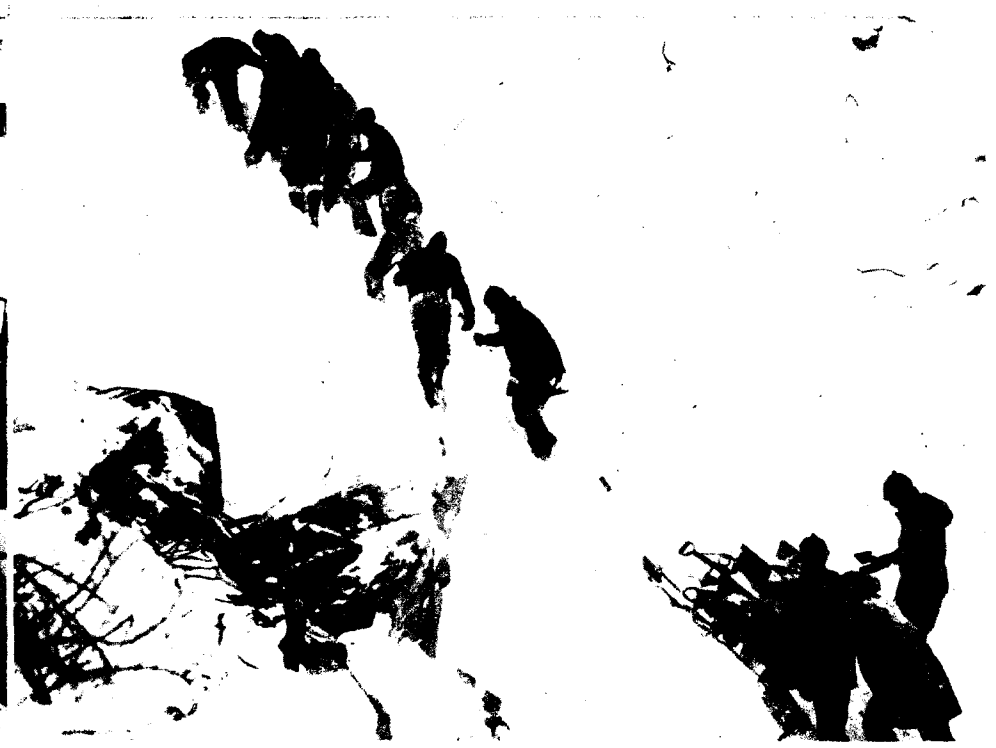

War Against Weather

Newfoundland Signal Corps Crew Fights a Battle as Tough as Many Combat Assignments.

THE Signal Corps soldiers in Newfoundland shown in the pictures on these pages recently fought a battle as tough as many an assignment in New Guinea or Anzio. Their objective was the top of the mountain in the photograph on the left; they had to haul up supplies, build an installation and string wires on a row of poles running up the mountain's side. The enemy they had to conquer was the weather.

It took the men of the construction crew three torturous weeks to complete the job. Before it was done, one of them had frozen to death.

The mountain was only 2,000 feet high, but to reach the summit the men had to follow a trail that wound six miles around the mountain's side, up dangerous slopes and over snowdrifts often 40 to 50 feet deep. The trail threaded through passes that sometimes were almost completely free of snow, at other times so deep in drifts that the way became impassable. Light thaws one day followed by sub-zero weather that night covered the snow with glassy ice. At one point on the mountain the men were only 300 yards from their goal, measured straight up, but they still had almost two miles to travel.

"At first each man was his own pack mule," T-5 Mike Reynolds of Lemoore, Calif., told Sgt. Frank Bode, YANK field correspondent. "We carried 50 pounds on our backs, making two trips up the mountain a day. The going was plenty rough. If you slipped on a sharp turn, you slid down the side of the mountain 500 feet. There was nothing to stop you on that slick ice."

When the light supplies had been carried up, the men tackled the heavier stuff. Hitching themselves to tow ropes, they hauled an improvised sled up the mountainside. But when the time came to haul up some 800-pound crates, containing vital equipment that could not be broken down, the crew was stymied. The more they heaved and strained at the ropes, the deeper the men sank into the soft snow.

At last somebody thought of the Siberian Huskies assigned to a nearby Army search and rescue outfit. While the crew stood by skeptically, the 18 dogs began to pull. In 3½ hours, helped by the men on the steeper grades, the dogs hauled the sled to the top of the installation.

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War Against Weather

A fierce wind beats against these linemen as they saw the end off a pole, one of many the crew set up along the trail running up the mountain.

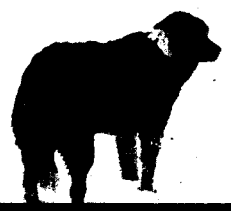
For the three weeks the Signal Corps crew worked on this assignment, they camped in four railway cars shunted onto a siding about 11 miles from the mountain's base. Three of the cars were used for sleeping, the fourth as a mess hall.

Breakfast over before daybreak, the men would bundle up in alpaca-lined parkas, load their equipment and start by rail for the base of the mountain aboard little gas-engined cars called speeders. At first the carburetors froze because of condensation in the gas lines; then the men found they could prevent this by holding lighted signal flares against the carburetors.

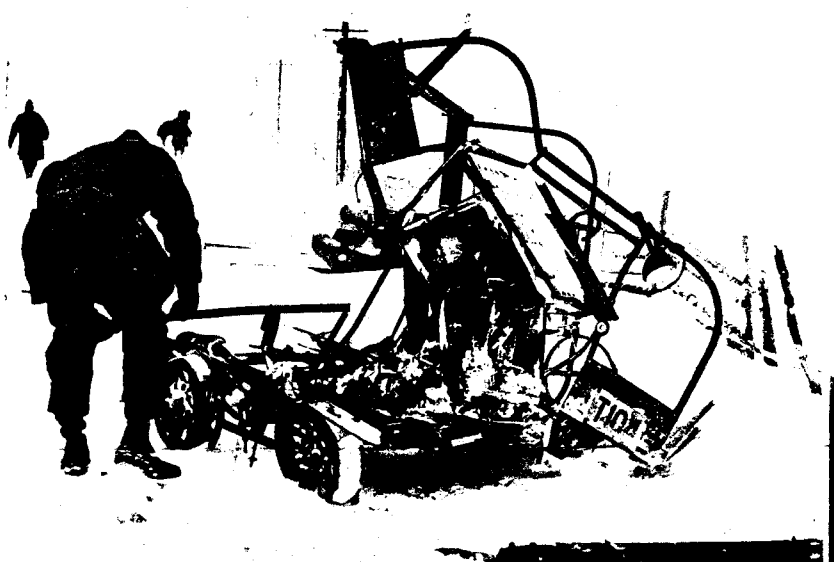
At times storms piled snow over the tracks three to four feet deep for several hundred yards. Once the men hit a drift and, after shoveling for three hours, had to give up and head back for camp. The snow was so thick and the roar of the wind so great that no one saw or heard a snow plow coming until it smashed into their speeder. Sgt. Walter McKinney of Cincinnati, Ohio, was thrown 50 feet through the air and landed in a snowdrift with a broken leg.

After all the equipment had been hauled to the mountaintop, a detail under T/Sgt. Gerald McCarthy of Rochester, N. Y., remained to set up an installation. Returning from a trip down the mountain for additional parts, Pfc. Robert Malloy of Whitestone, N. Y., and T-5 James Jasperse of Grand Rapids, Mich., were about a mile from the installation when they were suddenly enveloped in a swirling storm that quickly covered the trail.

Afraid that they would walk off the edge of a cliff if they kept going, Malloy and Jasperse huddled together behind a rock to wait out the storm. During the night their Newfoundland dog got back to the installation; at dawn searching parties went out. One found Malloy working his way around the mountain's crest, suffering from shock and exposure. He led them to the rock where he had taken shelter. Jasperse was dead.



Three of these railroad cars were used as barracks and the fourth as a mess. They were parked on a siding 11 miles from the mountain's base.



A snow plow hit this speeder during a blinding storm, scattering riders and equipment for 50 feet. No one was killed, but one man's leg was broken.

Posed on a pole are *(top, l. to r.)*: Pvt. Clarence Harper, Cpl. Elmer Schwanke, T-5 Michael Gilmartin; *(bottom, l. to r.)*: Cpl. Robert Harris, Cpl. Robert Bisbing, S/Sgt. James Foster.

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"Isolationist Way Failed"

I HAVEN'T met a man yet who plans to stay in the Pacific after the war is over; even the men who've married New Zealand and Australian girls plan to bring them back to the States. We want to get home—and quick. (Although there's been a lot of talk about rotation, we haven't seen any yet—except for the Air Forces.)

But just going home isn't enough. My dad fought in the last war and got a piece of shrapnel in his leg at Chateau-Thierry. He came back from France convinced that the U. S. had fought its last war. So did most of the rest. Obviously they were wrong, and a lot of their sons are wondering why.

Some of us think that the "mind-our-own-business-and-to-hell-with-everybody-else" boys have had their chance. We minded our own business when they formed the League of Nations at Versailles; we closed our eyes when the Japs marched into Manchuria; we beat our chests for "Neutrality" when Mussolini sent his thugs to Ethiopia; we shouted "Propaganda" when anyone suggested that it was Hitler and Mussolini who were directing the Spanish War, and we whistled "Yankee Doodle" when Austria fell and Czechoslovakia was carved up for Adolf's breakfast.

And right up to Pearl Harbor we were trying to pretend what the Japs did to the Chinese was none of our affair; they'd never do it to us if we just kept them supplied with scrap iron and oil.

Okay. So we tried the isolationist way, and it failed. It failed so bad several million of us are scattered from hell to breakfast cleaning up a mess that almost everybody now agrees is definitely our business. It might have been easier if we'd started sooner, at Manchuria for instance. Maybe just the Marines and the Regular Army could have stopped the Japs there. Maybe if the British, the Russians, the Chinese and the U. S. had said "no" then and backed it up with the willingness to fight, the Japs would have thrown their guns away once and for all.

Maybe getting together with the rest of the world in a strong, determined organization won't work. Maybe we'll still have World War III. Maybe not.

Down here a lot of us want to give the new way a chance.

South Pacific —Sgt. JAMES KEELEY

"A Hard-Headed America"

ALL the GIs I know are militantly rebellious against practically all they have read and heard about Europe, Asia or Africa.

Most of the men who have been with us for some time have rubbed hard against realities both here and in Africa. Most of all they have been shocked by the dirt, the lack of cleanliness in both places, by the ignorance of the people, and by the yawning difference between those who rule and the ruled.

Of one thing I am confident. The returned GI will know the facts. There is going to be a great deal of hard-headedness and less sentiment in the future American foreign attitude.

These beliefs have grown among the GIs here:

Americans are getting too little for the money they are spending so gratuitously.

Americans have naively supposed that the utterances of a few "lordly anointed" represent the considered views of an interested people.

Americans have been sentimental and foolishly tearful over the "downtrodden" and have not given credit to the spirit and spunk that have enabled other people to do something for themselves.

And Americans are never further from the truth than when they suppose that a few million dollars is going to give spunk and spirit to people who are perfectly content to go on living as they have for the past 6,000 years.

I think that the GI has a feeling that there is work at home for everybody. The American taxpayer has so much at home to spend his money for. Every community should have its own com-

THIS page of GI opinion on important questions of the day, open to all enlisted men in the armed forces, will be a regular feature of YANK from here on in. Our next question will be "Should the U. S. Have Compulsory Military Training After the War?" If you have any ideas on the subject, send them to *The Soldier Speaks Department*, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York, 17, N. Y. We'll give you time to get them here by mail. The best ones will be printed.

[illegible] American [illegible] should have a college education. And money which has been spent in the past, charitable or otherwise, for hospitals and schools in the jungles of Africa and in the back reaches of India would have done a great deal more good if wisely spent at home.

The average GI abroad has no desire to intrude in the strict internal affairs of another country; he is not particularly hostile, but he does believe with blazing intensity that the American dollar should be rescued as a pawn in the international game of greed, graft and grab. He declares for a new kind of independence. The theory that you can buy friendship, respect or peace will vanish forever with the return of the GI to the home community.

Italy —Sgt. NEWTON H. FULBRIGHT

"Cooperation Will Win"

THE U.S. should assume enough responsibility to prevent another World War. To be more specific, our participation should be in keeping with our influence and prestige as a democratic nation. The Moscow Declaration and both the Cairo and Teheran Conferences have established the framework for continued collaboration by the U.S. during the post-war period. If such Allied cooperation can win the war, then it should be able to win the peace that will follow.

If we look at the bitter and sordid pages of history of the past two decades, we can well realize to what extent our withdrawal to the side lines weakened the will of the smaller nations to resist the growing demands of the aggressor nations. Our spectator approach to international affairs certainly did not bring us the splendid isolation envisioned by some of our ostrich-minded public figures.

We are too much a part of the family of nations in Europe and Asia to foresake them for a monogamous existence among the clover of isolationism. Our national economy and security are bound up with the economy and security of other nations. Consequently our national interest can be best served if we share the responsibility of bringing peace and prosperity to the countries of the world.

Too long we have deluded ourselves that like King Canute we could sweep away the tides of aggression by assuming that isolation had given us an exalted power of omniscience. With amused and muddled tolerance we watched the tides of Fascism spread from Manchuria to Ethiopia, from Spain to Czechoslovakia until it burst over the Continent, deluging millions of free peoples in a blood bath. After all this, it took a Pearl Harbor to galvanize our nation into action.

Our plight resulted from our failure to recognize our responsibility as a great and democratic world power. The war and our stake in the post-war world have made it clear that we can no longer shirk that responsibility.

North Africa —Sgt. DAVE GOLDING

"A Nationalist U. S."

ACTUALLY, I don't believe an international organization will work, and, frankly, I see no indication that isolationism will either.

Take the internationalists. Some of them talk about "freedom for everybody"—so long as they're not asked to include the people of India, the Netherlands East Indies, Puerto Rico, and Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia. They declare themselves for "equality" until somebody insists that they sit in the same Pullman with a Negro or abolish the poll tax. They want to give milk to the Hottentots but are opposed to job security for Americans.

Take the isolationists. Quite a number of them are so busy raising hell with Roosevelt that they never get around to damning Adolf Hitler. They denounce democracy but demand all its protections when they are accused of sedition. They are opposed to fighting Germany but seem to want a battle with Russia and/or Great Britain at the drop of a lend-lease bullet.

I say a plague on both their houses.

The U.S. should be nationalist, should have a huge peacetime Army and Navy, enough to take on the whole world, should cooperate with other countries when that is possible but should, above all, always expect a great war every 20 years or so.

China—Burma—India —Pfc. HAROLD WAGONER

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WAR AND PEACE. Sheep graze near a U. S. ack-ack crew and its Bofors gun at Anzio.

Yanks in Italy

How the Engineers Destroyed a Nazi OP

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
Mediterranean Stars & Stripes

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—The cave was a perfect OP. It was dug deep into solid rock, just beneath the mountain peak. From either side of the cave the Germans could see everything they wanted to see—troop concentrations, gun emplacements, convoy movements. Consequently the entire American sector was under German fire, concentrated, blistering, deadly accurate.

The OP itself was far outside the German line. It stuck out like a skinny finger, flanked on both sides by Americans. To give the OP a protective covering of troops, the Nazis were forced to stretch out their front. It meant expending a lot of German soldiers.

But the Germans thought it was worth the price—and it was. Artillery fire directed from that OP had stopped the entire forward American push in that area. Before anything else, the Americans had to knock out that OP. But how?

Direct artillery fire might do it, but the target was almost insignificantly small. The Infantry might storm the heights, but casualties would be terrific. So the Combat Engineers got the job.

Company C of a 45th Division Engineers outfit sent out a three-man patrol with a lot of TNT. To get onto the short, flat ledge above the cave, the three soldiers had to creep up the slope, their faces on the ground, as if they were kids again, rolling peanuts across the room. The three of them —Pvt. Woodrow W. Smouse of Farmington, N. Mex.; S/Sgt. Charles Corelia of Ajo, Ariz., and 1st Lt. Bernard Gordon Jr. of Larchmont, N. Y.—rolled their peanuts very slowly. They examined the situation carefully and decided that the job could be done. To do it, they would need at least 500 pounds of TNT. With that much explosive, planted on top of the ledge, they could collapse most of the cave.

Making 11 separate trips, carrying 50 pounds of TNT each time and wondering when the Krauts on the neighboring hills would spot him and open up, Pvt. Smouse sweated out the ammunition-passing. Meanwhile the sergeant and the lieutenant busied themselves with two time fuses and an electric fuse. Several yards of rock beneath them were the Germans, blissfully unaware of everything.

At last, all done, the three got up and ran like hell, diving into a foxhole 50 yards away. Then the lieutenant turned the handle of the fuse.

Seconds after the explosion the Germans concentrated a barrage of machine-gun and mortar shells on that single slope. But the three engineers were racing down the hill toward our positions. None of them was hit. Sgt. Corelia had the only souvenir—a piece of shrapnel that pierced his combat suit but was deflected into a candy bar by a spoon in his pocket.

There was no more German OP. That day American troops rushed forward from the front and both flanks, helping the Germans straighten out their line by completely cutting off the bulge of hills.

Bombs Awry

TWELFTH AIR FORCE BASE, ITALY—In a raid over German-held Italy the B-26 had been crowded out of formation and had gone into a steep dive to avoid the prop wash of another Marauder. The terrific force of the dive lifted the tail and waist gunners out of their seats and pinned them against the roof of the plane, along with a heavy ammunition box. When the B-26 finally pulled out, S/Sgt. Jefferson J. Josephs of Norwood, Ohio, the engineer and turret gunner, went forward to check up on things—and right then he got the shock of his life.

Two 1,000-pound bombs were rolling freely back and forth in the bomb bay. The force of the dive had picked up the 1,000-pounders from their lower stations on the bomb rack and suspended them in midair. Then they had crashed to the floor, sheering off their shackles.

Josephs rushed up to the bombardier, S/Sgt. Norbert J. Rix of Philadelphia, Pa., who quickly pulled the switch that opens the doors and drops the bombs. But when Josephs returned to the bomb bay he found that the badly bent doors had opened only part way. The two bombs were wedged in the open space.

Josephs began to wrestle with the bombs, one foot on the catwalk, the other on the partially opened door, and nothing beneath him except several thousand feet of space.

"I kept shoving at the bombs and pulling," Josephs says. "Suddenly one of them was gone; I don't know how it went. Then I turned to the other one and saw the tail spinner going around. That meant the bomb was armed, ready to go off."

Josephs put one foot against the tail fuse to stop the spinner. The fuse broke off and black powder spilled out. A spark would have set it off.

"I was about shot," Josephs says. "Tugging at those 1,000-pounders isn't easy work, and there was an icy wind coming in through the open bomb-bay doors. Besides, I had to work with my feet spread out and myself doubled over because of the other bombs in the top station of the bomb rack."

Luckily Rix chose this moment to come into the bomb bay. After an anxious struggle the two finally managed to push the bomb out. Josephs promptly passed out from the strain, and Rix had to pull him to safety.

Later, when the bomber had landed, Rix told Josephs: "This was your lucky day. I didn't know you were working under those 1,000-pounders on the top rack. Several times I reached for the toggle switch, intending to salvo those bombs, too. But each time I changed my mind. If I had dropped those top bombs, I'd have salvoed you right with them."

Rix had to reach fast as Josephs' knees buckled and with a deep sigh he keeled right over again.

—Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Working Up an Appetite

ANZIO BEACHHEAD, ITALY—If the soldiers of 1st Lt. George D. Krasevac's patrol hadn't been so hungry, they might have cleaned up all the Krauts on their sector of the beachhead. As it was, they had to be content with 20 Germans killed and 130 prisoners captured.

Just after sunrise, Lt. Krasevac took a combat patrol of 20 men to attack a party of Krauts believed to be about the same strength. The Krauts were occupying four farmhouses a mile and a half down the road. It was arranged for the supporting artillery to keep the Krauts occupied until the patrol arrived.

Finding transport hard to get, the boys rounded up a donkey cart to carry their bazookas, mortars and heavy machine guns. As they set out, they could hear the artillery pounding away as ordered.

When he reached his objective, Lt. Krasevac notified the artillery by walkie-talkie to cease fire. Then he set up his own guns from the donkey cart and sat down to wait for his scouts to report. They returned shortly with the news that the enemy, infiltrating through the night, had brought in hundreds of men instead of the expected 20.

Lt. Krasevac, who figures that one American can whip 10 Krauts, felt that his patrol still had the advantage, so he gave the order to open fire. The bazookas whooshed, the machine guns sprayed and the mortars thumped their heavy charges into the farmhouses, scaring hell out of the Krauts, who were not expecting a daybreak like that.

Convinced that they were fighting the whole U. S. Army, the Germans came tumbling out of ditches and from behind haystacks, gathering in bunches to be taken prisoners. As soon as a sizable number had been rounded up, Lt. Krasevac detailed one of his men to take them to the rear on the double.

Then the lieutenant turned his attention to the farmhouses and quickly smothered them with his bazookas and mortars. Some of the Krauts came streaming out the front door with their hands up. Others tried to sneak out the rear, where the patrol picked them off.

By this time the boys were running a shuttle service with the prisoners. As soon as a man returned to the patrol, he was given another bunch of Krauts to take to the rear. One soldier made the round trip four times.

When the patrol reached the farmhouses, the hungry Yanks found that the Germans had prepared breakfast. Food was cooked and waiting for more than 100 men. The captured meal, all the men on the patrol agreed, tasted better than any food they had ever eaten.

—Sgt. GEORGE AARONS
YANK Staff Correspondent

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This Week's Cover

IN Newfoundland, T-5 Tom Meyers of Salamanca, N. Y., holds Punkin, mascot of his Signal Corps crew. Those are climbing irons that Meyers is carrying on his shoulder. For story and pictures of the outfit's three-week battle against the elements to lug heavy supplies to the top of a mountain, see pages 2, 3 and 4.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover, 2, 3 & 4—Signal Corps. 5 & 6—Sgt. George Aarons. 7—Signal Corps. 11—Cpl. Roger Wrenn. 12 & 13—Signal Corps. 14—MGM—Upper right & lower left, INP; Secretary Forrestal, PA; others, Acme. 18—Left, Acme; others, INP. 19—Acme. 20—Universal Pictures. 22—Upper left, Acme; others, PA. 23—Upper, Pvt. Robert Norton; lower, PA.

Boy Loses Girl

SOMEWHERE IN THE ALEUTIANS—If Hollywood were doing this love story, it would have a different ending, because in the movies boy always gets girl.

But then this barren island base is no movie set, and Pvt. John R. Whitacre, the hero, and Pvt. Xon Lyle, the heavy, are not actors. Whitacre is a truck driver in an Engineer outfit, and Lyle is an Air Forces mechanic.

Both are from Amarillo, Tex., and the heroine, whose name is Mary, once lived there, too.

The opening scene should undoubtedly be the day Whitacre, then a civilian truck owner and driver, picked up Lyle, who was also a civilian and was trying to thumb his way as far as Lubbock, Tex.

Then Whitacre's number came up, and he was sent to Canada, where his outfit pioneered the Alaska Highway. It was a cold job, but there was warmth for Whitacre in the letters from Mary, who by then had moved to Dumas, Tex. Almost always they would say in the approved cinema manner. "Dearest John: You can believe me when I say that I am true to you, because the boys here are either too young—mere school kids—or too old. . . ."

After months on the highway, Whitacre's company moved to Alaska and later to the Aleutians for construction work, and one day Lyle entered the picture again. The Engineers were building a mess hall at the field at which he was stationed.

Naturally, when the two got together, they remembered the ride Lyle had hitchhiked in Texas, and got to reminiscing about the Lone Star state. Whitacre mentioned Dumas, Tex., and that led to Mary.

She was quite a girl, Whitacre said; she'd never had a date while he'd been gone and that was all of two years now.

Lyle smiled sickeningly. Before he'd begun his 16-month career in the Air Forces, he'd lived in Dumas, too, he said, and the girl he'd met on the bus and escorted to dances, to dinners and to the movies was also named Mary. Of course, it was the same girl, and she'd been dating Lyle at the same time that she'd been writing to Whitacre in the Yukon Territory.

At it would have been in a movie, relations between Lyle and Whitacre were somewhat strained for a time.

But here's the non-Hollywood ending. They're the best of friends now, and Mary did what might be expected in a real-life script like this. She married a Navy man.

—Pvt. JEROME SHELDON
YANK Field Correspondent

We Still Say . . .

AN ADVANCED ALEUTIAN BASE—S/Sgt. Vincent J. Varsh of New Haven, Conn., who has flinched with the best of them from Spam in all its 58 varieties, found in a gift package from the homefolks—nothing but Spam, No. 10 cans, two of 'em.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Yanks in Alaska

Life and Death of an Aleutian Tugboat

By Cpl. JOHN HAVERSTICK
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN ADVANCED BASE IN THE ALEUTIANS—For six months the steel 74-foot *Small Tug 39* worked Aleutian harbors through every kind of storm. The *ST-39* and the other tugs of her class were never designed for the rough Bering Sea; they were brought here only because they were badly needed.

The men who manned the tug were assigned to the Harbor Craft Detachment, an Army outfit whose soldiers work and live like sailors on the GI inter-Aleutian supply and passenger ships.

As S/Sgt. Avery W. Farr of Cleveland, Ohio, the detachment's maintenance chief, tells the story, there was one man who became so attached to the *ST-39* that he left her only once to go ashore for a few hours. That was T-4 Harry B. (Butch) Griffeth of Upland, Calif., her cook, who is said to have sworn when he came back aboard that he'd never go ashore again. During one enemy bombing, Griffeth stood on the stern of the *ST-39*, waving a meat cleaver in his hand and shouting at the Japs to come down to his tug.

If too many dogfaces chiseled their way into his galley, Butch had a habit of shaking pepper on top of his hot stove to clear the house. When any of the crew got out of hand, he would make them cook their own chow for as long as a week.

GIs on the other harbor craft say that the *ST-39* was always the outfit that looked for the dirtiest and most dangerous jobs. During storms, her eight-man crew would work days at a stretch without a break. The crew that manned her when she went down was the best crew in the detachment, they say around the harbor.

Because of her weight, the tugboat was particularly good at juggling the harbor's crane barge around supply ships that had to be unloaded. The *ST-39* could nest in close to the barge because she sat so low in the water that she didn't have any freeboard at all amidships, only her guards showing above the surface.

Normally she would have had nothing more to do than this job, or ferrying passengers from ship to shore, or other routine harbor-maintenance work such as shifting and servicing buoys. But whenever her crew could, they would run her out to tow supply barges to other outposts and bases or to do salvage jobs. When her sister tug, the *ST-38*, capsized at a nearby base in September 1943, the *39* went there to take the *38's* place. Afterward she returned to her own base.

Three months later, when a storm swept a Liberty ship broadside toward the harbor beach, the *ST-39* steered into position between the Liberty and the beach. Then the crew shoved her nose up against the larger ship.

"They held her for a few minutes, too," says Pvt. Vancil E. Sanderson of San Francisco, Calif. Then the tug was caught inside and beached along with the Liberty for nine days.

Butch swore he wouldn't cook again until they got her refloated. He and the rest of the crew ate short rations aboard the Liberty until they had salvaged her.

On the morning of Feb. 6, 1944, a 100-mile blow hit the harbor. The wind came inshore and rose into the worst storm recorded here. Visibility was practically zero. All the harbor craft were at mooring except a towboat engaged in salvaging a barge from the beach.

But apparently the *ST-39* broke loose from her moorings. "We saw her move past our bow," says Sanderson, who was aboard the towboat.

Farr believes the *39* was cruising the harbor in the 25- or 30-foot swell in an attempt to ride out the storm. Evidently caught in a trough of the sea, she became swamped, filled up and sank near a harbor reef about 800 yards from her dock. It was impossible to launch rescue boats.

Butch went down with the rest of the crew: S/Sgt. Robert L. Scott of Watonga, Okla., the engineer; T-5 Robert F. Hanlon of Philadelphia, Pa.; T-5 Robert L. Hildebrandt of Normal, Ill.; Pfc. Harry E. Holder Jr. of East Monterey, Calif.; Pvt. Eugene V. Oberg of Seattle, Wash.; Pvt. Melvin C. (Blackie) Freitas of Los Gatos, Calif., all deckhands, and Harold A. Lucas of Seattle, Wash., the civilian master of the tug.

TUNDRA CUTTERS. These Aleutian infantrymen-musicians are lugging their instruments to entertain GIs at a lonely base with a 15-act show, in two-week tour of outposts.

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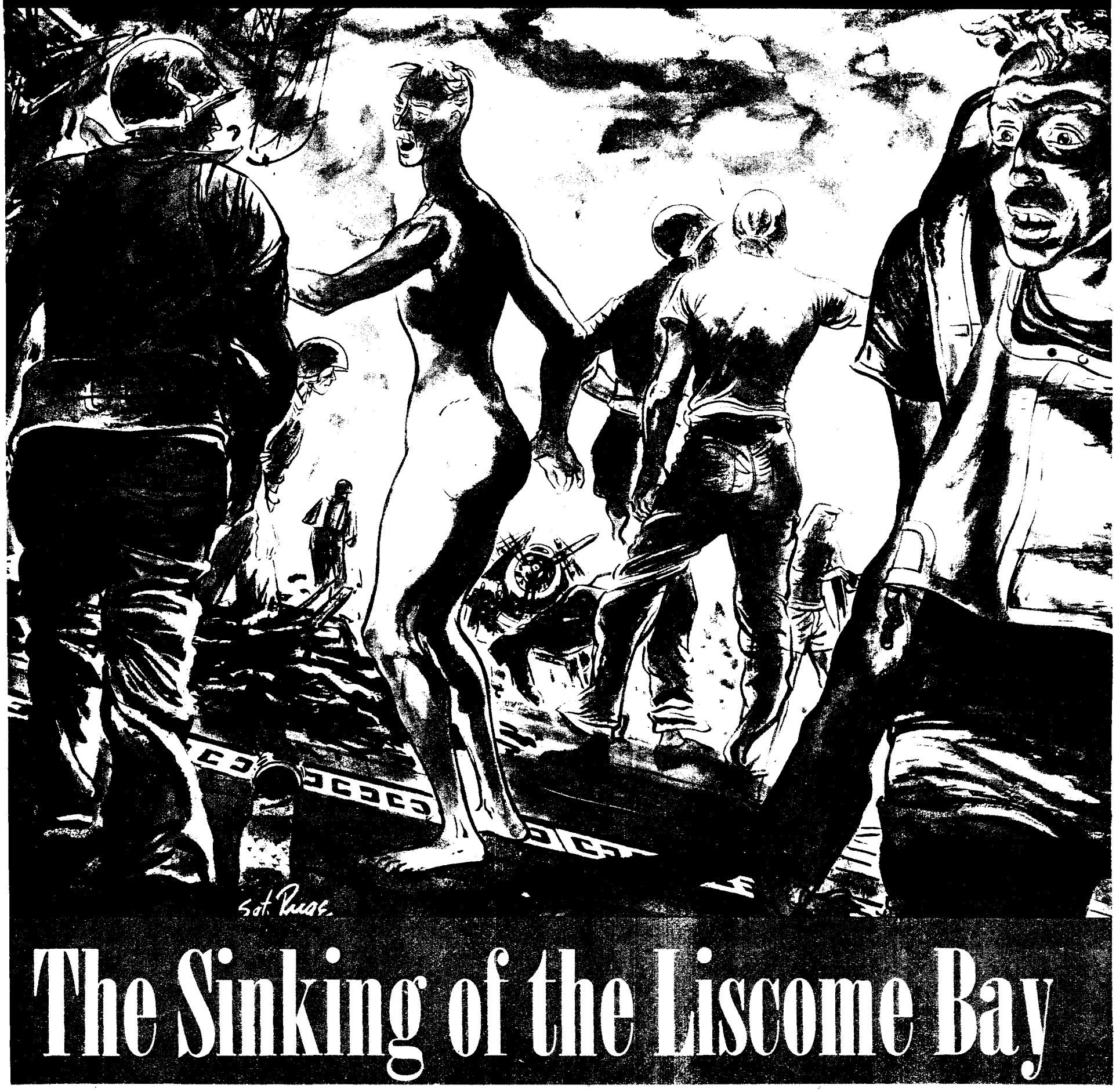
Capt. Crommelin had just stepped from the shower when the torpedo struck. Still without clothes, he walked out on deck and directed abandoning in his area.



The Sinking of the Liscome Bay

By ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c
YANK Navy Correspondent

The story of 23 terrible minutes on a baby flat-top after it was torn to pieces by a torpedo from a Japanese submarine and before it sank with the second largest Navy casualty list of this war.

THE baby flat-top *Liscome Bay* was sunk by a torpedo from an enemy submarine on the day before Thanksgiving of 1943. The *Liscome Bay* was on her first battle assignment, covering the occupation of Makin in the Gilberts.

The submarine attack was a complete surprise. It was the *Liscome Bay's* third day of the invasion, and her crew had lost the tenseness that goes with the beginning of a landing operation. By this time they were relaxed, and only their standard occupational alertness remained. The scuttlebutt reported that the nearest enemy ships were two days away.

The torpedo struck a half-hour before dawn, and it was still dark when the *Liscome Bay* sank.

General quarters had sounded at 0505, in keeping with the strict custom of sending men to their battle stations at dawn and dusk in combat zones. Five minutes later a lookout shouted: "Christ, here comes a torpedo!"

It struck near the stern on the port side, and the havoc was instant and complete. The whole after section broke quickly into flames, and most of the crew stationed there died instantly.

The casualty list for the *Liscome Bay* was the second largest of any Navy vessel in the war. The complement for baby flat-tops has never been revealed, but they probably carry about half the 2,000 men allotted to big aircraft carriers. Only 260 were saved.

Ironically, many of those men who died in the after end of the *Liscome Bay* might have been saved if they hadn't been called to battle stations before the torpedo struck. They would have been asleep in the crews' quarters forward.

ROBERT JOSEPH CHARTERS Y1c had been in the Navy for six years. He had hoped to marry his girl before leaving San Diego, but in the hurried days before sailing he never found the time.

The weather was hot in the Makin area, and when Charters hit the sack at midnight on the *Liscome Bay* he simply lay down naked. He arose when GQ sounded at 0505 and put on his dungarees and the comfortable Marine shoes he had bought before leaving San Diego. Then he left for the office where he stood duty watches and general quarters.

It was the small office of Lt. Comdr. W. W.

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Carroll, who served the ship as first lieutenant, a detail involving the berthing of the crew and the care of all loose equipment. During battle Mr. Carroll became damage-control officer, and it was through this post that all damage-control parties were directed. At these times Charters served as a talker, wearing the usual headset. The three men stationed in the office during the day—Mr. Carroll; his assistant, a jg, and Charters—were joined during battle alerts by a seaman named Galliano. He manned battle phones connected to the bridge circuit.

THE others were already in the office when Charters arrived at 0508, five minutes before the torpedoing. He noted with amusement that Mr. Carroll was reading "The Virginian." Mr. Carroll was very fond of the book. He always read it at morning general quarters but never during the day. He had almost finished reading the book when it was torn from his hand by the explosion at 0513.

The hit was farther aft and on the opposite side of the ship, but the blast was so great that it tore off Charters' life jacket, dungaree shirt, battle phones and even his marine shoes. The lights went out. He remained in his stocking feet the rest of his time aboard the *Liscome Bay*.

The first voice was that of the jg. He said to Charters: "Are you all right?" Charters answered "Yes" and then said to Mr. Carroll: "Are you all right?" There was no answer. He asked again. There was a pause, and then the commander said: "I'm all right." Galliano said "I'm okay" without being asked.

Flames from the hangar deck were visible overhead. Mr. Carroll felt for the doorway. "We've got to get up pressure to fight the fires," he said.

They groped outside to the passage but could not get up pressure on the hose. Charters looked at Mr. Carroll and said: "There's an awful gassy smell down here." The officer, struggling desperately with the valves to get up pressure, paid no attention. Finally Charters said: "This is no place for us. We better get out." Mr. Carroll turned away reluctantly from the valves and followed Charters without saying a word.

Three or four more men joined them and they went forward, losing each other once and finally collecting together again far forward at the base of the burning elevator shaft. There they found a warrant bosun named Hunt on his hands and knees, emptying a portable C02 extinguisher on the flames. Beside him lay three other extinguishers that he had already emptied.

Mr. Carroll said to Hunt: "Come on, Boats. Get the hell outta here." Without moving, Hunt motioned them to go. The other men glanced at Mr. Carroll to see if he was going to order Hunt out. It was then that they noticed for the first time that Mr. Carroll was covered with blood. He had been hit badly across the face and chest during the first explosion. The doctor was in the group, and he offered to dress Mr. Carroll's wounds, but Mr. Carroll refused.

They all went topside, coming out on the walkaway around the flight deck. Looking back, they could see that the after section of the ship was almost totally destroyed. All around them 20-mm and 40-mm shells were exploding.

Mr. Carroll told them to jump. Charters walked to the side and leaped off, completely unafraid of the great height and anxious only to get away from the bursting ammunition. In the water he looked back and saw that everybody had jumped except Mr. Carroll. He was walking up and down the flight deck, ordering others to jump and helping some men over the side.

Back inside the ship, Bosun Hunt finally gave up at the fire extinguishers and came on deck. He met Mr. Carroll again. But this time, instead of Mr. Carroll urging Hunt to go, Hunt urged Mr. Carroll to leave the ship.

"Come on," the bosun said. "Let's go."

"No," Mr. Carroll replied. "You go. I'm going to stay."

"I'm not going without you. I'll get you a life preserver."

"No," Mr. Carroll said. "Go home to your wife and kids."

"If you're not going, I'm not," Hunt said. He walked across the flight deck toward the exploding ammunition, looking for an extra life jacket.

"Come on back," shouted Mr. Carroll. "Don't go back there—I'll jump with you."

The doctor came up and joined them, and together the three of them cleared the side of the ship. Mr. Carroll's condition was getting worse. The doctor held him up while Hunt swam off to retrieve a life raft. When Hunt came back, he asked how Mr. Carroll was, and the doctor looked down at the man in his arms.

"He's dead," he said.

Charters was a survivor of the *Liscome Bay*. He came back to the mainland and married his girl on Christmas Eve. They are living in San Diego now, where he has landed a job as a chief yeoman at the Naval Air Station.

A REAR admiral and two captains were on the *Liscome Bay*. The rear admiral was Henry M. Mullinix, and he was in charge of the air group operating from the *Liscome Bay* and two sister carriers in the area. One of the two captains was John G. Crommelin Jr., who served as chief of staff to the admiral. The other was Irving D. Wiltsie, and he was captain of the *Liscome Bay*.

Rear Adm. Mullinix, a kind, friendly man, was in air plot when the explosion came, and he was badly injured. Several people saw him there with his head on his folded arms, but others reported seeing him later swimming in the flame-swept waters. He did not survive.

Capt. Crommelin, one of five famous brothers who are all Navy officers, had just stepped from the shower when the torpedo hit. Naked and wet, he was badly burned. Still without clothes, he walked out onto the flight deck and directed the abandoning in his area. Later he jumped overboard himself, then swam for an hour and 20 minutes before a destroyer picked him up.

Looking up, Roach saw that the man had on a life jacket, grabbed him by the feet and threw him in the water. Then he proceeded down.

Capt. Wiltsie survived the original explosion. Concerned by the damage aft and the men who were stationed there, he walked toward the stern on the flight deck to inspect the area. Several officers called to him to come back, but he walked into the exploding ammunition and smoke. He was not seen again.

CLOVIS (C.M.) ROACH was a storekeeper first class on the *Liscome Bay* but, like Yeoman Charters, he has since been promoted to chief. He is a Texan, is slight and wispy in appearance and has thinning blond hair. He looks like Ernie Pyle must have looked when he was 26.

Some months before, Roach had been a member of the crew of the *USS San Francisco* during her famous battle off Guadalcanal. Standing far below decks, passing ammunition while shells tore into the ship, he learned that battle is a serious business and fear a very real thing.

The *San Francisco* was a heavy cruiser, and he liked the security of her thick-skinned sturdiness. The *Liscome Bay's* light metal construction scared him. He decided that he would go below decks only when he had to.

So at 2100 the night before the torpedoing, Roach went to sleep on a cot on the fantail as usual. Reveille next morning awakened him 20 minutes before general quarters and 28 minutes before the torpedo struck.

Roach went down to the galley and bake shop where he talked with his buddies among the cooks and bakers. He munched a coffee ring, drank a cup of coffee and shot the breeze about who was on duty the night before. Several of the men were bitching about the lack of action. "I've seen it calm like this before," said Roach. "Something'll happen. It always does when it's calm." Then GQ sounded, and he headed forward to his battle station. He was wearing dungarees, a hat, regular Navy oxfords and carrying his life preserver under his arm.

Roach's battle station was in the forward issue room, and it was his duty to hand out emergency issues of flight and engine gear during battle. But the forward issue room was two decks down, and because of his aversion to being below decks he didn't go there. He went instead to sick bay, two decks above the issue room but astride the sole passage leading below. It had become his habit to stay there during GQ unless he spotted someone heading below with a request. Then he would accompany the man below, issue the requested material and come back up to sick bay. Roach's statement on the subject is very succinct: "As long as it's necessary to stay below, I'll stay there, but if it's not necessary I won't."

Five men had battle stations in sick bay: the ship's doctor, a chief pharmacist's mate and three other pharmacist's mates. They were there when Roach arrived, and everyone exchanged morning greetings. With a second-class pharmacist's mate Roach went into the treatment room. He sat on the table, and the mate sat on a chair against a bulkhead. While they were talking about their mission against Makin and speculating on the success of the joint operation against Tarawa farther south, the torpedo struck.

The bulkhead behind the treatment table blew inward, striking Roach on the back and knocking him 10 feet through the door. He got up and yelled: "There may be another one." Then he hit the deck again. Another explosion followed, somewhat less violent than the first, and Roach got to his feet. So did the others, and in a general melee of voices they all established that they were still alive. Roach groped his way back into the treatment room, searching for his life jacket. He found it in the dust and rubble on the deck, 15 feet from where he had laid it beside him on the treatment table.

Almost involuntarily the men looked down the passages leading from sick bay. One was on the port side and one was on the starboard, but both were blocked by debris and flames from the hangar deck. As a matter of personal interest, Roach also looked down the hatch leading to the forward issue room. It was utterly impassable. He went back and tried the port and starboard passages again without success.

The list of the ship, the smoke and flames, and the lack of communication made it obvious to everyone that it was time to get out if a way could be found. Roach spoke up. "I'm going to try working my way forward along the port passageway to the first-division compartment," he said. "Anybody want to come?" Without waiting for an answer he started forward. He could

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hear others following him, but he didn't look back to see who or how many there were.

All the bulkheads were blown in. He climbed and crawled around them. He squirmed through a hole so small that he scraped off a shoe. Finally there was only one man left behind him. Together they made it through to the first-division compartment. They found it slightly damaged and empty and knew there must be a way out. To Roach it was the first clear sign that he was likely to be a survivor. Following a trail of fresh air he climbed two ladders and came out on the high (starboard) side.

He paused and took a few deep breaths. Flames and smoke were curling up the flight deck and he knew he couldn't abandon there. He went down to the port side. By the light of the flames he could see heads bobbing in the water. No rafts were visible, but someone behind him said: "There are three rafts and a floater net way out there."

Roach was a lone operator. He left the others on the deck and walked forward to the anchor chain. Tightening his life jacket around his chest, he crawled over the gunwale and lowered himself slowly down the chain. He had descended about 10 feet when another man, with the same intentions but more speed, climbed down on his shoulders. Looking up, Roach saw that the man had on a life jacket, grabbed him by the feet and threw him in the water.

Then Roach proceeded down the chain to the anchor and dropped six feet into the water. He took off his remaining shoe and started to swim, but his life jacket held him back as flames whipped around the bow. Only a change in the wind saved him from burns. He swam out to the floater net and climbed on with about 40 others. Someone shouted: "There she goes." He looked back to see the flames perish as the ship slid beneath the waves. He felt no regret at her passing.

There was one man on the *Liscome Bay* who abandoned ship twice. Gunner's Mate Hubert Bassett crawled down a Jacob's ladder forward on the port side, near where Storekeeper Roach went in via the anchor chain. The wind was unkind to Bassett, and he soon found himself ringed by flame. He swam back to the Jacob's ladder and reboarded the ship. The oil gradually burned off the surface, and Bassett climbed down again and swam away.

When Robert H. Carley was a junior at Occidental College in Los Angeles he found YMCA work so interesting he decided to enter the ministry. He stayed one more year at Occidental, made the All-Southern Cal basketball team and then went to Princeton Theological Seminary. After graduating from there he went directly into the Navy. Young, blond and handsome, he looked like a recruiting-poster officer.

Lt. (jg) Carley was the *Liscome Bay's* chaplain. He was in the head when the explosion came. By the time he raised himself from among the broken sinks, toilets and urinals, he decided that his first job was to find his life jacket and kit of personal belongings. The search was hopeless, and he had to leave the gear under the porcelain dust and broken pipes.

As he stepped outside into the passageway someone brushed past him. It was one of the two patients who were confined to sick bay recovering from appendectomies. The one who passed him was a pilot who had been operated on five days before. Although not a good swimmer, he rushed up to the flight deck, jumped over the side and swam several hundred yards to a raft. He was a survivor. The other patient had been brought over from a destroyer two days before to have his operation. He survived the original explosion and was able to walk out of sick bay, but he was not seen again. He was not a survivor.

The next person on the scene was Dr. Rowe. "We've got to get the patients out of sick bay," he said, but the chaplain told him they were gone. Mr. Carroll, still searching for a way to put out the fires, came up with several others. There was a little talk. In the back of everyone's mind was the thought of the 180,000 gallons of high-octane gasoline stored directly beneath them. Smoke and a strong smell of gasoline filled the area. Some of the men started to get sick and groped their way forward and topside.

As Chaplain Carley went through the aerographer's office he stumbled. Something in his mind said "life jacket" and he stooped down, identified it and put it on. Then he went out onto the high side walkaway.

Looking forward he saw that three officers—Dr. Rowe, Mr. Carroll and the nude Capt. Crommelin—had the situation under control, so he headed aft. All around the chaplain 20-mm and 40-mm shells were exploding, but he was so glad to be out from below that they didn't faze him.

He came upon three men huddled around a machine gun and went up to them. They were dead. Farther aft he found three other men dazedly standing by another gun, and he told them to abandon. They went down a rope, and he followed them into the water.

Later, as he was being hauled onto a destroyer, he heard someone addressing him.

"Well, Padre," said the voice, "I see religion paid off."

Most of the men in the stewards' branch of the Navy are Negroes. They wait on tables, serve as orderlies and work in the officers' galleys.

There was an unusual messman on the *Liscome Bay*. The son of an impoverished farmer near Waco, Tex., he had joined the Navy to help his family earn a living.

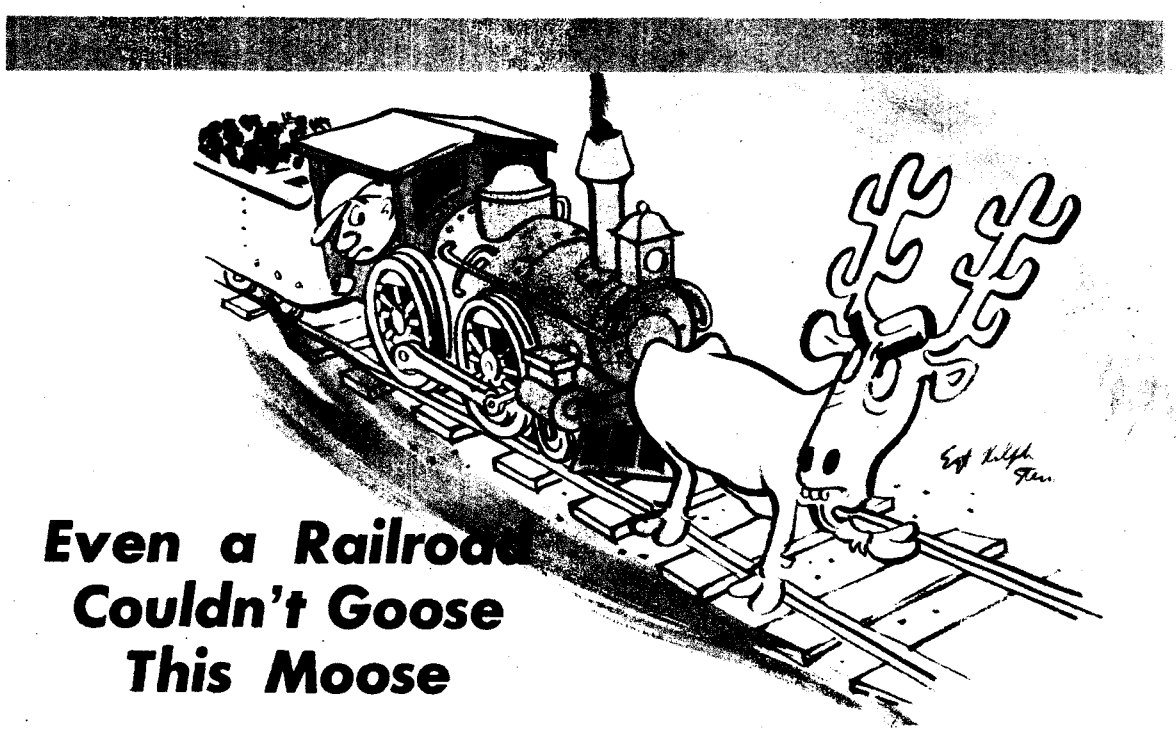
It was on the ill-fated *Arizona* that he became famous. During the Pearl Harbor attack he rushed to the bridge and manned a machine gun, firing it through the explosions and devastation around him.

For this action Dorie Miller won the Navy Cross.

In the Negro world Dorie Miller became an idol. There were fan clubs organized for him and songs written about him. His mother was brought up from Waco for a big rally in Harlem. She spoke to the people there.

"I just got a letter from Dorie," she said. "He don't write much. But he said he thought he'd be home around 1945. . . ."

Dorie Miller was in the after section of the *Liscome Bay* and was not a survivor.



Even a Railroad Couldn't Goose This Moose

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA—When tall tales are the order of the evening, Sgt. Mario J. Rinaldo usually breaks up the party with his account of a run-in he had with a moose that held up five railroad trains for 4 hours and 40 minutes. Eventually the moose ended up in little Indian and Eskimo bellies at the Eklutna government school, but that's getting ahead of the story.

Rinaldo used to be a railroad man in Tracy, Calif., so he went to work as an engineer when the Army stepped in to help the Alaska Railroad keep up with heavy wartime traffic. Rinaldo was in his locomotive cab one day, nosing along behind a rotary plow about 150 miles north of Anchorage, when the moose came into the picture. The animal, a full-grown bull, was trapped on the railroad tracks in a narrow pass where a snow plow had gouged out a steep canyon, high as a boxcar, between snowdrifts.

Ahead of Rinaldo's train and the plow was a freight train. For an hour and a half, the freight had been dragging along behind the sauntering moose. The moose couldn't find a break in the snowbanks lining the right-of-way. Three other trains were waiting on sidings for the northbound traffic to pass, but since a cornered bull moose is a fair match for a medium tank, nobody offered to climb down and recite the timetable to him.

At one point a small frozen stream broke the deep groove of snow, and the moose stepped aside grudgingly and let the first freight train rumble by. Before the snow plow could pass, the moose crowded back onto the tracks and started toward a narrow wooden trestle. The snow plow pulled up.

Rinaldo stopped his engine behind the plow and watched the moose balancing his 1,000-pound hulk across the bridge, tiptoeing from tie to tie. He saw the moose step between the timbers and struggle frantically to free himself. Finally the moose made it to the other side, but instead of turning off onto the creek, he struck out once more down the narrow corridor in the snow.

For two more hours Rinaldo's locomotive and the plow chugged along at moose pace. As the convoy rolled within a few hundred yards of a section house, the man on the plow became overanxious. He moved closer to the moose to nudge him into double time. This was a mistake. The moose trotted ahead a few yards, then turned, lowered his horns—which spread broader than the tracks—and stood his ground, ready to take on all comers.

The snow plow and locomotive stopped again. Nobody wanted to run the moose down.

Rinaldo and his conductor, Kenneth Porter, went into a huddle with John Manley and Art Hannon, the two men on the plow. They figured that the four of them ought to be able to give one moose the bum's rush, even if he did weigh half a ton. They started deploying cautiously along the right-of-way. The moose didn't scare. Instead, he charged. Rinaldo and the others scrambled back onto the train.

Then they tried terroristic tactics. They clanged the bell. They hung on the steam whistle. They chucked snowballs. They alternately flattered and insulted the animal, calling him by turns the most elegant buck in all moosedom and the offspring of degenerates. The moose didn't budge. Desperate measures were indicated.

While Rinaldo, Manley and Hannon created a diversionary front, Porter outflanked the spreading antlers in a mad dash to the section house, where he put through a long-distance telephone call to Anchorage. Next he borrowed a rifle, sneaked back along the tracks until he was within range and dropped the moose with one shot.

The telephone call, Rinaldo explains, was a formal request to the office of the Alaska Game Commission. You see, moose weren't in season.

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PARATROOPERS T-4 Harvey Smith of Conyers, Ga., Pvt. Tom Underwood of Quitman, Ga., and M/Sgt. Henry Hadley of Memphis, Tenn., (l. to r.) load bags on boat-bound truck.

T-3 FRANK W. MALIN of Holladay, Tenn., is putting away a quart of milk in an Australian post exchange. Malin had served with a medical unit there for 25 months.

M/SGT. MARION T. MATLOCK of Atlanta, Ga., is looking forward to meeting his wife and 8-year-old daughter after sweating out 26 months as a line chief, Fifth Air Force.

CPL. JOHN HUNT of Rome, Ga., was in fighter-control squadron that helped defend Darwin in 1942. He's anxious to see old buddies at the American Baking Company.

YES, it's true, they're going home, as you can plainly see from the happy expressions on the faces of these men at a Southwest Pacific casual camp. They're from the last group of GIs returned to the States in the SWPA March quota of the Army Rotation of Personnel Plan. Cpl. Roger Wrenn, YANK photographer, caught them the day before they sailed.

S/SGT. ERNEST D. CORKER of Eufaula, Ala., is one year short of being a real 30-year man. He saw service in France during first World War, in the Philippines, Hawaii, Panama.

SGT. LEO G. BECKMANN, ex-golf pro, comes from Savannah, Ga. He injured his back and is returning for reassignment after four months of service with an ack-ack outfit.

PFC. EVERETT (CAB) CALLOWAY of Comer, Ga., had served 25 months with a famous engineering unit in New Guinea. He'll marry "if letters I've been getting are true."

PFC. CLYDE K. PAGE is buying souvenirs for the folks back home in Byromville, Ga. The sweet thing helping him is Miss Pat Moroney. Page was a bank teller in civilian life.

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COMBAT

Behind a tank, infantry advances: one man is leaving a foxhole, another crawls, another stands and fires, another—his back to the tank—rushes a bipod to BAR teammate.

There was machine-gun fire around these soldiers as they ran through the Bougainville jungle. The man at left is carrying a BAR; the man at right a carbine.

Jap snipers were plenty active. This rifleman, behind a tree in the brush, has spotted one of the little men and is just about to let him have a bit of lead.

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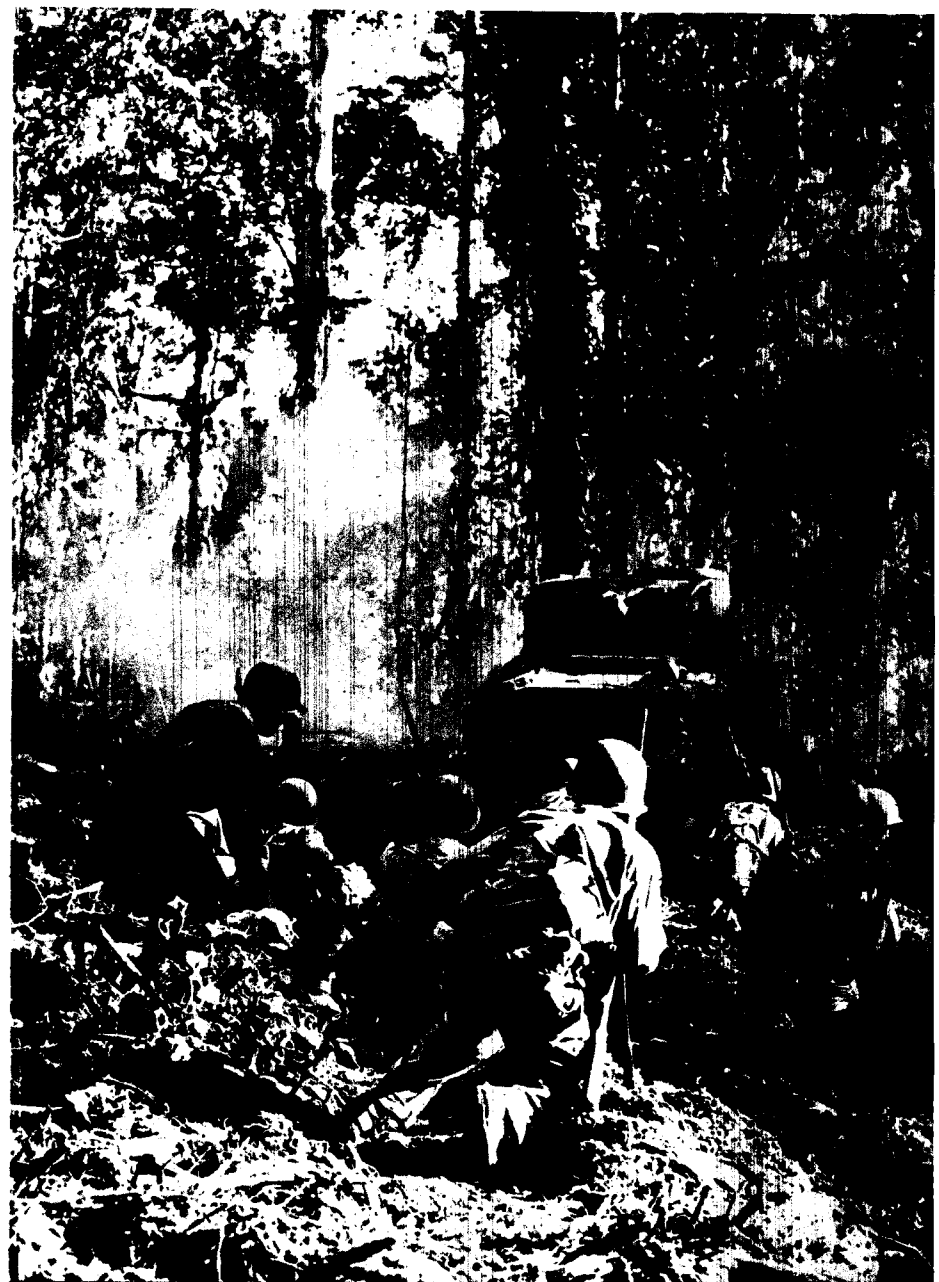
Now pitching for the Yanks. Sgt. Charles H. Wolverton. The 37th Division soldier bites his tongue as he starts a grenade toward a Japanese emplacement.

These infantrymen are concentrating their fire on a pillbox occupied by the infiltrating Japs, using rifles and grenades to dig 'em out of the nest.

WAR, as soldiers learn, is not all fighting, but a good part traveling to fight and a good part waiting for the fight to begin. Therefore, pictures of actual infantry combat are none too plentiful even in this best-photographed of wars. On these pages are some of the best action pictures taken since the epic battle for Tarawa. They were all made under fire by U. S. Army Signal Corps photographers as men of the 37th Infantry Division and the Americal Infantry Division mopped up after the Second Battle of Bougainville in which 7,000 Japanese were killed.

Sometimes neither rifle nor grenade can rout the Jap from his deep and strong hole. Then the flame thrower tries to burn him out. The riflemen keep shooting.



Once more behind a tank the infantry moves up. Bayonets are fixed for some expected close-quarter work. The expectations, incidentally, were fulfilled.

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MAIL CALL

The Infantry Hits Back

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue of YANK you printed some letters from disgruntled men who are dissatisfied with the new Infantry promotions. . . . [In one letter some tactical MPs wrote that "for twice the hardships we only got hot soup and a cigarette."—*Ed.*] Their hardships must have been unbearable to double these:

½ canteen cup of water for one day.
1 D-ration bar for one day.
1 raincoat and one cape to keep you warm (?) in zero weather.
Using rocks for hand grenades and sweating out two- and three-hour artillery and mortar barrages.

. . . We crawl on our bellies in the mud and snow in mountains 3,500 to 4,500 feet high. To the combat medics, however, we would like to express our appreciation and say that they have a real beef. The medics are doing a wonderful job. . . .

Italy —T/Sgt. D. A. DAVIS*

*Also signed by T/Sgts. W. A. Childress and James D. Westley, S/Sgts. Fred Golden, O. L. Brotherton and A. L. Bronstad and Sgts. C. E. Reese, J. E. Wilson and S. E. Cry.

Dear YANK:

. . . From our cozy hole four feet underground myself and my four fellow gophers want to inform them that they can take the promotions and Infantry badges; we'll take the "hot soup and a cigarette." They can have our hole in the ground, too, with Jerry's presents dropping all around . . . a hole situated between Rome and "someplace" in Italy. Oh, yes. *We* didn't get any promotion.

Italy —Pvt. LESTER WEINSTEIN*

*Also signed by Pvts. Miller, Zakei, Gomez and Spaulding.

Dear YANK:

. . . The lowest-praised part of the Army now has a chance for an extra stripe and an extra ribbon to wear, and then what happens? Everybody has a bitch coming. I guess they are afraid we will make a hit back home. Why not give us a chance, fella GIs? Don't you think we are earning it? . . .

Guadalcanal —Sgt. PATRICK F. MORRELL

Dear YANK:

. . . We could respond to each letter printed in *Mail Call* relative to Infantry promotions with long letters, but all we wish to convey to those dissatisfied GIs is that we all did not receive promotions, and yet we don't bitch. . . .

Anzio Beachhead —Cpl. REDMOND*

*Also signed by Pfc. Cinati and Pvts. Wright, Zager, Martin and Mullineaux.

Dear YANK:

. . . After spending 30 months tromping to work in the mud and then running alerts half the night, we of the Aleutian Chain Gang believe that all infantrymen have earned the medals and promotions.

The Aleutians —Pfc. ARNOLD L. ADKINS*

*Also signed by Pfc. Reinhardt W. Mundt.

Dear YANK:

I myself am a platoon sergeant, have been in two campaigns against the enemy in the South Pacific and am recovering at present from wounds received in action on New Georgia. . . . What I would like to know is: why does everybody have to cry just because the hardest-fighting unit in the Army, the Infantry, gets a few promotions?

Bushnell Gen. Hosp., Utah —S/Sgt. CLYDE E. MOHR

Dear YANK:

. . . We also have Combat Engineers and Artillery units here that did not get the Infantry raise, but I haven't heard them let out a yell yet, although they could. . . . They seem to think that the Infantry deserves all they can get. And then some. . . .

Italy —Cpl. W. McCOY (Infantry)*

*Also signed by Sgt. R. B. Robinson (Rangers), Cpls. C. W. Libba (Field Artillery) and John Heratti (Engineers), Pfc. A. Gilborges (Tank Bn.) and Pvts. C. Briese (Inf.), S. F. Rotunda (Inf.), H. F. Jennings (Inf.), D. F. Lemnon (Rangers) and C. W. Deibert (Inf.).

Dear YANK:

. . . I don't know if we are subject to the promotions or not, but there isn't a one of us looking for it. We think that the boys we left, who have gone to take another whack at the Japs, deserve not only one promotion but should get the limit. It is not them that you see strolling along in the main towns with nice shined-up uniforms on. No, they're the ones back in the hills, probably with uniforms on that haven't been taken off for over 20 days at one stretch. . . . They are the ones who are up front either ducking shells or bullets or probably wondering if they are the next ones to go on that patrol, which has to go out each night and always has at least one casualty when it gets in. . . .

New Caledonia —S/Sgt. J. U. GANGE

Movie Mystery

Dear YANK:

Many GIs around here are quite curious about two things about motion-picture reels. As a film starts, numbers flash on the screen from 10 to 3. Why these numbers, and why don't they also show numbers 2 and 1? Also, at the end of the first reel of film a large photograph of a blond movie star is shown for but a moment. Why do they show her, and who is she?

—S/Sgt. WALTER E. HYDE

New Guinea

■ It's pretty technical, but here goes. MGM says the numbers 10 to 3 appear at the beginning of every reel to form a "leader" about 12 feet long. This "leader" is used to thread up the machine at the proper number of feet before the picture starts. It seems the machine must be running at full speed before the sound track is thrown on. Some machines reach full speed within 10 feet; thus the operator will "frame" his film on the figure 10. Same for the other numbers down to 3. However, no machine can possibly get full speed up in two feet or one foot, so it is not necessary to have the numbers 2 and 1. So much for that.

The doll? Her picture is from a test scene taken many years ago and is one which is familiar to all film technicians. They can tell by a quick glance at her photo whether the film is "over a proper density." Her face should never, of course, appear on the screen. Even when it does appear, its five small frames flash for less than a quarter of a second, so your eyes must be 20/20 and then some, soldier! Just *who* she is, nobody knows; MGM has been searching the files for years, but no dice.

Sour Notes

Dear YANK:

I'm in an Engineers' band, which consists of a 17-piece orchestra, including two vocalists and a director. We have been together nearly three years and have been in India for 22 months, playing for troops within 150 miles. Our job is mostly a morale builder's. Why is it that all of the new fellows, who came after we did, get all new instruments and don't even have an authorized band? Our instruments are played out. The saxes have rubber bands on them to hold the keys on. The trumpet valves stick—and they leak. Don't say anything about the drum. The trombones are tough. Why can't we get new instruments? We like our job, but it's hard to go on like this.

India —Pfc. RANDALL WASHINGTON

Hulse and Haegg

Dear YANK:

In a February issue of YANK Sgt. Dan Polier said that Bill Hulse of NYU set a new American outdoor mile record (4:06 flat) while finishing five yards behind Gunder Haegg of Sweden. What was Haegg's time? We have had arguments about it. If Bill Hulse finished five yards behind Haegg and Hulse's time was 4:06, why shouldn't Haegg's time be four minutes? If it wasn't, has there ever been a four-minute mile, and if so who ran it?

New Guinea —Pvt. E. QUIRK

■ Haegg's time was 4:05.4. The five-yard difference doesn't mean that Haegg could have run a four-minute mile. According to the AAU, a runner travels six yards a second at the finish of a mile race, which accounts for both Haegg's time and the five-yard lead. There's no official record of a four-minute mile, although Dr. George Orton, a former Pennsylvania track coach, claims that W. G. Lang did a fraction under four minutes on a straight-away course with a stiff wind behind him in 1863. Because of the wind the record was not recognized.

Negro Soldiers

Dear YANK:

While reading an April issue of YANK I came across the article [in *Strictly GI*] that said Secretary of War Stimson denied the charge he was attempting to avoid sending Negro combat troops overseas. . . . The reason he gave for his policy of not sending Negro combat troops overseas is based on relative abilities, training and education. It is no secret that the Negro's educational classification is not parallel with the white's; however, with all the modern warfare, I am sure that the Negro can hold his own.

I often wonder about the educational classification of the Negro French soldiers and Indian soldiers who are fighting so bravely in combat units in Europe and other theaters of war. I also wonder just what the Japs' educational classification is; my guess is, not so high. Despite this fact, and even while fighting a losing battle, they are no push-over. I am sure that the Negro combat troops, who are waiting for overseas duty, shall, when their time comes for action, carry right on to victory.

India —Pvt. ARTIE FOWLER

Dear YANK:

. . . I fail to agree with the Secretary of War. In today's wars, as in past wars, the success of men as soldiers depends to a large extent upon the convictions, incentives and enthusiasms with which they are impelled in military tasks; or, as we broadly sum up today, success depends largely upon their state of morale as troops. It must be stated that the average Negro soldier's morale is at a consistently lower level than is the average white soldier's. The reasons are obvious. Simply stated, a man finds little desire to help put out a fire threatening to consume a building when he knows that after the fire is checked, he will be excluded from that very same structure he helped save.

. . . View Russia's success in stopping and hurling back the Hitlerite war machine, acknowledged as the world's best in technical efficiency. The average literate intelligence of Russian peasantry has been comparatively as low as, and in many cases lower than, a great number of Negroes'. Russia for years was Europe's most backward country. Yet the Soviet government has used the same peasantry to build a military force equal to, and better than, anything the Germans can throw against it. . . .

On Maneuvers —Pvt. JAMES L. LUCAS

WAC Memories

Dear YANK:

You know, a Wac could say quite a lot under the caption "That'll Be the Day" [the title of a story written in a recent YANK by Pvt. Jacques C. Taylor, who described what he was going to do at home after the war.—Ed.]. Brother, some evening when all the guests have gone, I'll sprawl out in an easy chair in front of a fireplace. Above it there'll be a picture of "Blue Boy." (I used to think all soldiers were as noble as that little prince.)

I will be pleasantly tired from *talk*—talk about pictures, politics, geography, topography or the garbage system in Chicago. Anyway, it will have been real conversation, the kind I couldn't get when I was in the Army. There will be hot water in which to bathe. There will be a beautiful bed, not made GI, and pictures on the wall, and drapes. But I'll leave my clothes in a heap till 10 o'clock next morning; I'll look at the old clock and spit in its eye. I won't say "Sir" to anybody except the bootblack.

I'll remember the days when our brothers-in-arms outlined for us in detail the reasons we donned a uniform. I'll remember how when somebody rang the wrong number, it was always the fault of "some Wac." Oh, brother, I'll *remember*, and "That'll Be the Day."

Muroc AAF, Calif. —Pfc. GLADYS HILL

Message Center

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

Lt. JAMES LEE ANDERSON, graduate of Lindsay H. S., Calif., 1939: write Pvt. Frank P. Bates. . . . ANDREW CZIKRA of Alliance, Ohio, once at Sheppard Fld., Tex.: write Pfc. Robert Williams. . . . Capt. JAMES N. HARVEY, once at Fort Benning, Ga.: write Pvt. Wallace G. Parks. . . . Pvt. GEORGE HATTON, once at Camp Lee, Va.: write your brother, Pvt. Dick Hatton. . . . Pfc. RAYMOND P. HOLT, last heard from in California: write Sgt. Edward G. Smith. . . . DICK IRVINE, last heard of in Pittsburgh, Pa.: write Sgt. Ralph Tice. . . . WALT (STONEWALL) JACKSON: write T/Sgt. Gordon E. Lee. . . . JIMMY JARDAK, last in school at Fort Sam Houston, Tex.: write S/Sgt. Ruben Stone. . . . Sgt. ED JAREMA, once in 644th TD Bn., Tex.: write Cpl. Lane Bryant. . . . T-5 PHILLIP S. KAHN, once in 49th Bomb. Sq.: write Pvt. Ross L. Stiars. . . . Lt. N. P. KOVACICH, once in Repl. Bn., Depot 2, Fort Ord, Calif.: write your brother, Pvt. E. P. Kovacich. . . . LEE LARKEY, once in Boot Camp, Naval Tng. Sta., San Diego, Calif., Dec. '42: write Neale S. McGee RM3c. . . . T-5 FRANK J. LAW, last at Kelly Fld., Tex.: write Pfc. J. J. Keul. . . . BEN MCLARTY, once at RC, Camp Wolters, Tex.: write Cpl. Marion Ackley. . . . DUKE MEURI: write M/Sgt. John A. Rabenstein. . . . Pvt. DALE MILLER, once at QM Depot, New Cumberland, Pa., later at Camp Lee, Va.: write Pvt. Eber F. Diehl Jr. . . . Cpl. RICHARD MUNSON, once at Camp McCoy, Wis.: write Pvt. Marshall Neeley. . . Pvt. JOHN F. O'HARE, once an MP at Miami Beach, Fla.: write Sgt. William H. Hopf. . . . Pvt. MARIO OPPICI, once in 10th Regt., Co. F, QM, RTC, Camp Lee, Va.: write Pvt. M. N. Wasserman. . . . Anyone knowing anything about the last flight of Sgt. SEBASTIAN J. PENNISI, 396th Serv. Sq., 12th Serv. Gp.: write *Message Center*, c/o YANK. . . . Sgt. JACK RAEDER of Van Wert, Ohio, now in SWPA: write Cpl. James E. Price. . . . T/Sgt. FRANK R. RANUCCI, N. Africa: write Lt. Robert O. Duport. . . . Pvt. DONALD SCHATZ of Richmond Hill, N. Y.: write S/Sgt. Lionel Hempling. . . . JACK SEIFERT, Australia: write Pvt. A. M. Quiett. . . . JOHN A. SMITH, last at U. S. Naval Tng. Sta., Farragut, Idaho, & S/Sgt. Evan Stiers, last heard from at Santa Ana, Calif.: write S/Sgt. Ernie Morf.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

A mimeographed list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent on request. Write to *Shoulder Patch Exchange*, c/o YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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News from Home

FDR, Health and Term IV

Until his return from a month's rest at Bernard Baruch's estate near Georgetown, S. C., rumors that President Roosevelt would be physically unable to undertake a fourth-term campaign were widespread back home.

In the first place, a lot of people pointed out, he'd planned to be gone only two weeks but had stayed in South Carolina four, and in the second place he had suffered from a series of colds and influenza all winter, with bronchitis developing this spring. There were all kinds of stories, and some people even insisted that the President's personal physician, Vice Adm. Ross T. McIntire, would demand that he retire.

That was why the first Roosevelt press conference after his return to the White House was attended by the largest number of correspondents in months and why many of the reporters stayed after the questioning ended to study the Chief Executive's appearance.

An Associated Press reporter wrote that, "Whatever rigors the eventful months ahead may hold for the Chief Executive as President, politician or Commander in Chief, his vacation companions said they were convinced he once more was in fine physical trim." Vice Adm. McIntire declared: "I am perfectly satisfied with his physical condition." And most of the correspondents concurred, finding the President "tanned and rested." A few were uncertain, however, and Fred Pasley of the anti-Administration New York *Daily News*, wrote: "He seemed a rather tired man" and "did not today possess the high physical buoyancy and abounding vitality that have hitherto marked him at the conclusion of long respites from the cares of office."

In any case, even though the President himself had no comment on the matter at his press conference, almost everyone agreed that pro-Administration Democrats have already opened the fourth-term campaign. The first really significant pronouncement on the subject came when Robert E. Hannegan, Democratic national chairman, predicted that Roosevelt will not only be a candidate but will be elected, although Hannegan added that he hadn't discussed the matter with Roosevelt himself. In Cleveland, Philip Murray, CIO president, spoke out for a fourth term in a speech before the United Steel Workers Convention, and the same day Roosevelt picked up 70 more delegates to the national convention in the Ohio and West Virginia primaries.

Republican Strategy. A majority of political commentators were still predicting that Thomas E. Dewey has the GOP Presidential nomination in the bag, although supporters of Gov. John W. Bricker of Ohio and Lt. Comdr. Harold E. Stassen refused to concede the nomination.

However, observers like Marquis Childs, the columnist who replaced the late Raymond Clapper, thought they already could see the fall campaign strategy. Childs said that the 43-year-old Dewey will ask for election on the grounds that "the leaders in Washington today are tired; they should be replaced by vigorous younger men with imagination."

Many thought that the Democrats might attack Dewey on the grounds of his youthfulness and saw considerable significance in the Jefferson Day speech of Alben W. Barkley, Senate majority leader, who said that the New York governor is "one who became dry behind the ears on any kind of foreign policy only after he had perceptibly slowed down his own synthetic flight from a Presidential nomination."

It was generally agreed that the President will not receive the support of John L. Lewis, United Mine Workers leader, who endorsed Wendell Willkie in the 1940 campaign. Lewis, a strong isolationist before the war, attacked the Administration in a letter to William L. Green, American Federation of Labor president, castigating the Federation Council for not accepting Lewis' offer to rejoin the AFL. The AFL Council was bowing to "imperative instructions" from "New Deal politicians who are opposed for political reasons to unity in the ranks of labor," Lewis said.

Ward Plant Returned. It was widely believed that no matter which candidates head the two important tickets, the Montgomery Ward dispute will be one of the important issues of the campaign. Although the mail-order plant was returned to its owners after 14 days of Government operation, the matter was still being discussed in Congress and in the press. Everybody expected to see more headlines from the Chicago plant after the CIO's United Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Employees Union won a collective-bargaining election 3 to 2. Sewell Avery, Montgomery Ward board chairman, still insisted he wouldn't recognize a "closed shop," and union officials indicated they would still demand a maintenance-of-membership clause in their contract. In addition, trouble seemed to be brewing at a Montgomery Ward subsidiary, the Hummer Manufacturing Company in Springfield, Ill., after William H. Davis, chairman of the War Labor Board, announced that the board had voted to refer to the President the Hummer Company dispute with an American Federation of Labor union.

Mission-to-Moscow Aftermath. And a few saw a good deal of political significance and a possible campaign issue in the nation-wide stir created over the trip to Russia of the Rev. Stanislaus Orlemanski, Springfield, (Mass.) Polish-American priest who had talked with both Stalin and Molotov in the Kremlin.

Father Orlemanski

Father Orlemanski returned home from the 26-day trip to Moscow to find himself suspended from his church by Bishop Thomas M. O'Leary, head of the Springfield Diocese of the Roman Catholic Church.

Although the Springfield priest insisted he had gone to Russia on a completely personal mission to discuss Polish-Russian relations, many Washington correspondents guessed that his passport was expedited by the State Department.

New SecNav. Both friends and foes of the Administration seemed to approve President Roosevelt's nomination of James V. Forrestal, Under Secretary of the Navy, to succeed the late Frank Knox. Many political seers had predicted that Wendell Willkie might be named as a political gesture, and others had expected the nomination of Comdr. Stassen. It was believed that the Senate would quickly approve the Forrestal appointment, although a few thought his skeptical attitude toward the proposed merger of the War and Navy Departments might delay the okay.

James V. Forrestal

Forrestal, who was promoted from seaman to lieutenant (junior grade) in the last war, is 52 but looks so young that when he witnessed the Marshall Islands invasion last winter he was mistaken for a junior officer and was dressed down for getting in the way.

Dies To Retire. Pro-Roosevelt circles were reported to be encouraged over the withdrawal from the Congressional race of Rep. Martin Dies, Texas congressman who since 1938 has headed the House Committee on un-American Affairs. With Dies gone from the House and with the recent defeat in the Alabama primaries of Rep. Joe Starnes [Dem.], another committee member, a good many thought the Dies committee's work might not be continued in the next session of Congress, although Rep. J. Parnell Thomas [Rep., N. J.] suggested that the House set up such a committee on a permanent basis.

There's a War, Too. Of course, not everybody back home was talking or even thinking about politics. The impending invasion of Europe was still discussed just about everywhere, and a Gallup poll showed that two-thirds of the civilians in the U. S were convinced that "Many people in this country don't take the war seriously enough."

The New York *Times* commented that "Most of us do take the war seriously. Most of us are willing to make greater sacrifices than have been asked of us. Most of us are humble when we compare our easy lot with that of the front fighter."

MIND OVER MATTER. Geographical obstacles couldn't stop Marine Sgt. Helen Hill from marrying Sgt. Jack Bowman in Washington, D. C. she's ready to say "I do" over a phone connected with Oahu, Hawaii, where Jack waits to say the same thing.

RECORD-BUSTERS. At LaGuardia Field, New York, Lt. Col. Jack Carter and Col. Clair Peterson exchange congratulations after they had completed flights in P-51 Mustangs that broke all previous transcontinental records. Peterson, who made one stop at Kansas City, was timed at 6 hours, 31½ minutes. Carter, who flew nonstop, made it in 6 hours 39½ minutes.

NAMES IN THE NEWS

W. Averell Harriman, U. S. ambassador to Soviet Russia, arrived in Washington for talks with President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull at the same time as **Edward S. Stettinius,** Under Secretary of State, returned from several weeks of conferences in London. . . . **Maj. Henry Cabot Lodge,** former Republican U. S. senator from Massachusetts, was returned from active duty in Italy for hospitalization at Walter Reed General Hospital. Army officials said he has an acute intestinal disorder, and an operation may be necessary. . . . **Mrs. Joe Di Maggio,** the former movie actress Dorothy Arnold, was granted a divorce from the Yankee's ex-outfielder, now an AAF sergeant, after she testified he had wrecked their marriage by his "cruel indifference." . . . **Capt. Morrison J. Wilkinson,** former American Volunteer Group flyer in China, faced a court martial and was charged by an Army spokesman with "lewd and lascivious acts," bigamy and the rape of four women in southern California. . . . **Rita Hayworth** announced that she and her husband, actor-writer-producer **Orson Welles,** were expecting a child in November. . . . The nationally known band leader, **Herbie Kay,** 40, died in Dallas, Tex., after a long illness. . . . Heiress **Doris Duke Cromwell's** Reno divorce from **James H. R. Cromwell** was found "null, void and of no effect" in the state of New Jersey by an Elizabeth (N. J.) court. . . . Lt. **Pat Di Cicco** of the AAF and husband of heiress **Gloria Vanderbilt** took the count twice when a Texas oil man, Benny Bickers of Dallas, intervened in a quarrel between Di Cicco and **Lee Mortimer,** night-club reporter of the New York *Mirror*. Bickers socked Di Cicco both inside and outside New York's smart-Copacabana club after Bickers said Di Cicco had called him what he would identify only as "a that." Di Cicco said Bickers had made cracks about his medals.

ODDS & ENDS DEPT.

A jeweler told William P. Jones that the "lucky piece" he'd picked up in **Peterstown, W. Va.,** during a horseshoe game 12 years ago was a 34-carat diamond. . . . A four-engine bomber from the **Sioux City (Iowa)** Army Air Base flew over two states for four hours with no one aboard before it crashed near Denison, Iowa. The crew of 10 had bailed out over Nebraska after a fire broke out on the plane. . . . Soylo Villegas was held in **Crystal City, Tex.,** after he confessed he had killed his 23-year-old wife in a drunken brawl in Chicago and shipped the body to Los Angeles in a battered trunk. . . . Lt. William Wikoff Smith of **Bryn Mawr, Pa.,** 24-year-old AAF flyer, inherited almost $10,000,000 as the sole beneficiary of his mother's estate. At **Brockton, Mass.,** police said that 20-year-old Pvt. Richard Ericson forged a three-day pass from Camp Edwards to Brockton, where he confessed he killed Clarence D. Madan in a fist fight after Madan had made a crack about "4-Fs in uniform."

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THE HERO OF HISCHAWELEN ISLAND

By Pfc. WILLIAM C. SCHMIDT

THE master of ceremonies raises his hand, and the thunderous ovation subsides.

"Ladies and gentlemen! Tonight 'We the Civilians' takes great pleasure in presenting to you, over a nation-wide hook-up, one of the war's outstanding American soldiers. He is the modest hero who, while doing KP in a field kitchen on Hischawelen Island in the steaming South Pacific, drank 17 No. 10 cans of tomato juice in a single day and by so doing broke the world's record of 16 No. 10 cans of tomato juice consumed in one day by S/Sgt. O'Hoon of the AEF in 1918. It gives me great pleasure to present—Pfc. Basil Backwater! Let's give him a big hand!"

The studio reverberates as the audience applauds. Once more the master of ceremonies gestures for silence.

"Well, Pfc. Backwater, how does it feel to be back in the United States after spending 16 months as permanent KP on steaming Hischawelen Island? I imagine it must be quite a thrilling experience to see the lights of Broadway once more."

"Oh, it's okay."

"We have a few surprises here for you, Basil. I have here in my hand a telegram from your commanding officer saying that, because of your meritorious deed, he has promoted you to corporal."

"Gosh!"

"I also have here another telegram from the commanding general at Blurp Field. He needs six permanent KPs. The T/O calls for a warrant officer, a tech sergeant, a staff sergeant, two T-4s and a T-5. You can have any of those ratings you want. The general has arranged with your commanding officer for your transfer, if you want it."

"I hate the Air Corps."

"Tell us how you managed to kill 17 No. 10 cans of tomato juice in one day."

"I was thirsty."

"Cpl. Backwater, letters and telegrams have been pouring in all day. Here's a letter from S/Sgt. O'Hoon, whose record you broke. He says he is going to make good his offer of a case of lemon extract to the first man to break his record. He will send it as soon as he can get the necessary ration points."

"Gee, that's nice of him."

"And from the Better-Bilt Metal Container Company comes a gift of a beautiful silver-plated butt can inscribed with your name, rank, serial number, blood type and date of your tetanus shots. However, due to the critical shortage of metals, they regret that they cannot give you the butt can now, but here is a ribbon you can wear to show you are entitled to the silver-plated butt can, and here is a certificate which you can exchange for the silver-plated butt can the minute the war is over."

"I don't smoke anyhow."

"And last but not least, an invitation from the charming Whistle-At Girl, Linda Lush, to dine and dance with her in person at New York's brightest night spots."

"I could go for a hamburger and a bottle of Schlitz."

"And also many other gifts from organizations and individuals all over the country."

Three Army six-by-sixes rumble across the stage.

"Tell us, corporal, are you anxious to return to your buddies on Hischawelen Island?"

"The Old Man will probably make me a pfc again as soon as this publicity blows over."

"Before we go off the air, have you anything else to say?"

"I'm thirsty."

"Thank you, Cpl. Basil Backwater, and God bless you."

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State Strength

THE WD [illegible] state [illegible] personnel [illegible] call the Army comes from Texas. New York is the state with the largest representation in the Army. The following figures for the 48 states and the District of Columbia do not include women who are serving in the Army.

New York	860,000	Maryland	107,000
Pennsylvania	602,000	West Virginia	105,000
Illinois	464,000	Florida	100,000
Ohio	414,000	Kansas	95,000
California	407,000	Arkansas	92,000
Texas	372,000	Washington	87,000
Michigan	299,000	South Carolina	83,000
New Jersey	272,000	Nebraska	64,000
Massachusetts	237,000	Oregon	57,000
Missouri	199,000	Colorado	54,000
Indiana	188,000	Dist. of Columbia	51,000
North Carolina	161,000	Maine	46,000
Wisconsin	156,000	Rhode Island	42,000
Tennessee	151,000	New Mexico	33,000
Georgia	146,000	Utah	32,000
Kentucky	143,000	North Dakota	31,000
Minnesota	143,000	Montana	29,000
Alabama	139,000	South Dakota	29,000
Virginia	138,000	Arizona	26,000
Louisiana	125,000	New Hampshire	26,000
Iowa	119,000	Idaho	25,000
Oklahoma	114,000	Vermont	18,000
Connecticut	112,000	Delaware	16,000
Mississippi	110,000	Wyoming	14,000
	Nevada	9,000	

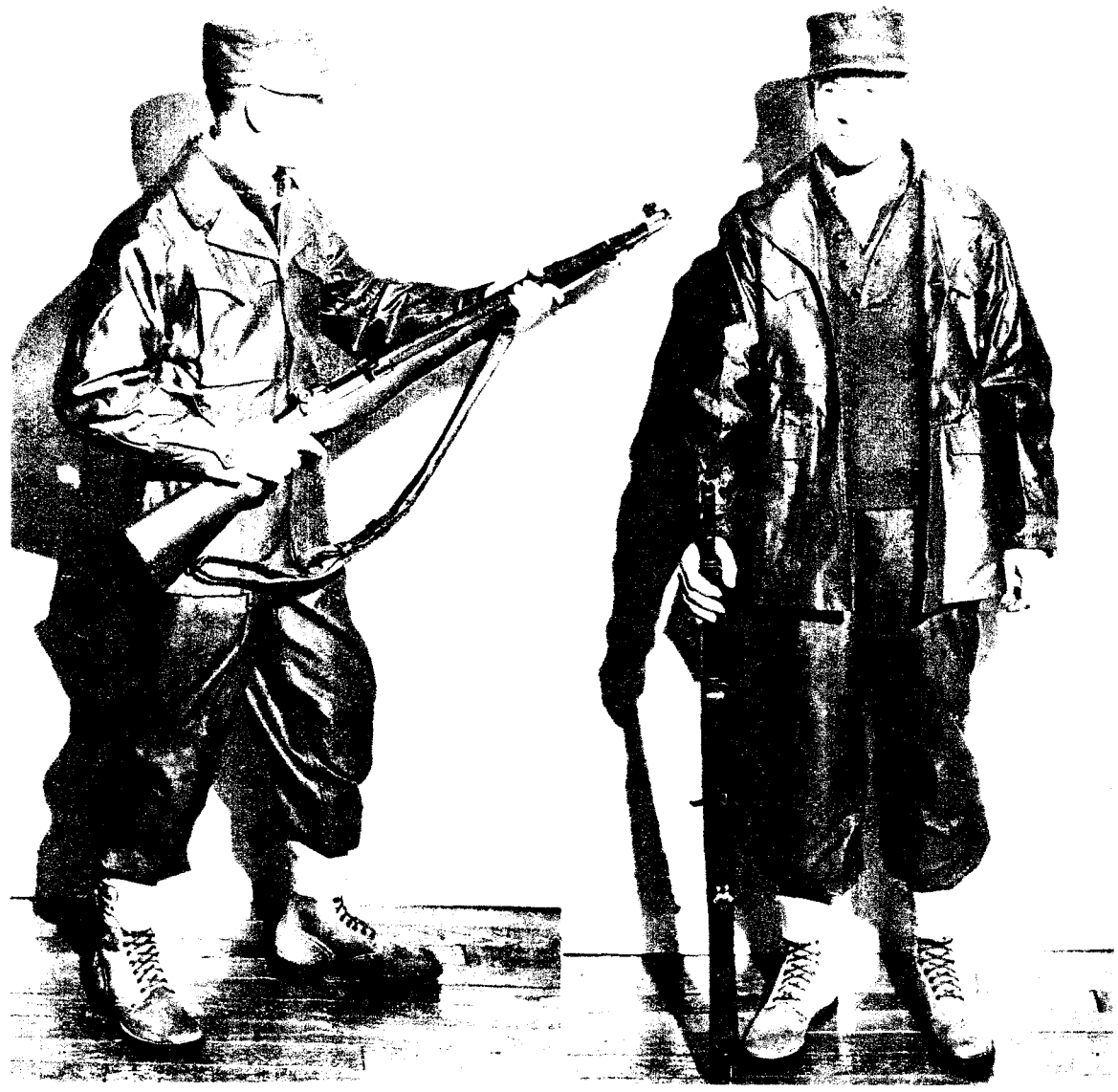
Casualty Lists

U. S. casualties from the beginning of the war to Apr. 28, 1944, total 201,454, according to official reports. The dead number 46,518; wounded 76,391; missing 42,749; prisoners of war 35,796, of whom 1,902 are reported by the enemy to have died in prison camps, mostly in Japanese-occupied territory. The Army's casualty list of 156,676 shows 27,297 killed, 64,321 wounded, 33,715 missing and 31,343 prisoners.

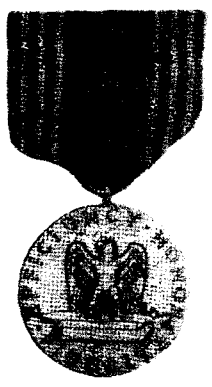
Figures given by Prime Minister Churchill to the British House of Commons showed a total of 387,996 casualties for the United Kingdom, Southern Rhodesia and Newfoundland. These include 120,958 killed, 29,469 missing, 93,622 wounded, 143,947 prisoners. Casualties for Canada were 19,697, Australia 74,338, New Zealand 25,717, South Africa 23,825, India 109,803, the colonies 25,786. This makes the total casualties for the British Empire 667,159.

Correction on Ballot Requests

In a recent article about the new soldier-voting regulations, YANK said that all post-card applications for absentee ballots could be witnessed by the signature of warrant officers and NCOs above the grade of corporal. Well, it seems we didn't read *WD Circular 128, 3 April 1944, Section I, Par. 2, a. (2), (b)* correctly. If you use the new-style U.S. War Ballot Commission post card, it is okay to have it witnessed with the signature of either an officer, a warrant officer or a noncom above the grade of corporal. *But* if you use the old-style post card *(WD AGO Form 560)*, you cannot use the signature of anybody lower in rank than a commissioned officer. Get it straight now?



THE ARMY'S NEW COLD-CLIMATE COMBAT UNIFORM uses the "layering" principle of body protection. The outer layer consists of field jacket and trousers of a nine-ounce dark-green cotton fabric known as five-harness sateen, designed to provide maximum protection against wind and water. Regular woolen trousers and shirt are worn beneath, and the sweater-type underjacket of pile fabric is added for extra warmth in very cold weather. The cap is of the same material as the field jacket and outer trousers. The boots shown are the combat boot, with the leather turned flesh side out and a wide cuff at the top.



Good Conduct Medal

The Philadelphia Quartermaster Depot is now procuring the Good Conduct Medal and expects to have it ready for distribution soon. It is awarded, as if you didn't know, to enlisted men and women who have completed one year of continuous active service since the war started and to those EM who completed three years' service on or before Aug. 27, 1940, and were recommended by their COs for the award.

Bulletin Board

The Service Men's Service Inc., 6 East 61st Street, New York 21, N. Y., reminds GIs in the U. S. and overseas of its free shopping service. Just name the gift, the person it's going to and his address, and enclose a money order to cover the gift cost. . . . Army personnel stationed in the U. S. may appear now as witnesses for the Federal Government, a state or the District of Columbia in civil courts "if the court appearances do not hamper the war effort." . . . Presidential citations have been awarded to the 390th Heavy Bombardment Group and the 94th HBG, both of the Eighth Air Force. The 390th was cited for action during the mission against Schweinfurt on Oct. 14, 1943; the 94th for action during the bombing of Brunswick on Jan. 11, 1944. . . . The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy offers monthly prizes of $15 and $10 each for the two best poems, head portraits and pencil studies submitted and prizes of $10 each for the best essays and humorous pieces. Entries should be addressed to the committee at 36 East 36th Street, New York 16, N. Y. . . . T-5 Jack J. Zurofsky of Brooklyn, N. Y., won first place and a $100 War Bond over 300 entrants in an essay contest in the North African Theater of Operations on "Why I Fight." . . . The first American Negro Infantry outfit announced to have been in action in this war is a battalion of the 24th Infantry at Empress Augusta Bay on Bougainville.

GI Shop Talk

The mottled green-and-brown camouflage suit used in the South Pacific has been replaced by a dark olive-drab jungle uniform. The new uniform is believed more suitable to active movement, whereas the mottled suit was effective as long as the soldier remained comparatively still. . . . The WD has established the authorized strength of the Army Nurse Corps at 50,000. . . . Italian prisoners of war are being permitted to join service units "organized on a military basis." Italian PW who volunteer for such assignments will be paid the same rates of pay they now get under the labor rates prescribed by the Army under the Geneva Convention. . . . GIs who were made pfcs when assigned to advanced courses of the ASTP will be broken to buck privates "upon separation from the course for academic deficiency or misconduct *(WD Circular 154, 1944.)* . . . More than 200 EM each day are applying voluntarily for transfer to the Infantry since the WD announcement of Apr. 14.

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MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
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news from home

ALABAMA

When a sewer became blocked during a cloudburst, flood waters drove more than 500 persons from their homes in Prattville, 12 miles northwest of Montgomery. Horace Verhine and Albert Knight, both of Scottsboro; Earl Reed of Lim Rock and R. H. Tipton of New Market were killed in an auto-truck crash near Scottsboro. Because of the increase in Federal amusement taxes, the Birmingham Park and Recreation Board voted to increase the admission prices to city swimming pools. Hoyt McClendon of Birmingham succeeded Newman Cryer of Anniston as grand commander of Knights Templar.

ARIZONA

At Tucson, the picture of a bathing beauty clad in Gay Nineties fashion was substituted for one clad only in War Bonds on the side of a city bus after protests were made by the mayor and the City Ministerial Association. Phoenix Technical School acquired a Link trainer in which students can obtain classroom instruction in instrument and blind flying. Although there was a serious shortage in hospital facilities in the Tucson area, not more than 50 percent of the beds in Pima County Hospital were in use because nurses and other help were not available.

CALIFORNIA

California outlawed wrestling matches between women. Fire destroyed the $500,000 Midwick Country Club at Los Angeles. At San Francisco, cabbages were being grown in the victory garden in Union Square across Powell Street. A railway mail clerk tossed a $120,000 pay roll intended for Camp Beale, Marysville, out a train window by mistake; 100 soldiers aboard stood guard while all but $3,000 was recovered. At Los Angeles, Judge Willis awarded a radio actress, Florida Edwards, $8,170 in her damage suit against the Hollywood Canteen for injuries suffered when she was sent into a spin by a "jive-maddened marine" during a dance at the canteen.

COLORADO

The 10,000-acre Ken-Caryl Ranch south of Littleton was purchased by Joseph Minissale of Philadelphia, Pa., for $250,000. While razing a building in Russel Gulch near Idaho Springs, contractor Paul Reed found a 50-year-old quart of bourbon whisky. Clyde Pitt of Silverton was buried under a snowslide in Durango for 13 hours but finally dug himself out with a pocketknife. Colorado Springs police searched for a gunman who shot Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hill through the windows of their home. The art museum in Denver's City Hall was opened Sunday afternoon for the first time in years.

GEORGIA

The Fulton County Grand Jury recommended the merger of the Fulton County and Atlanta public school systems and the retirement of Chief Mathieson, Assistant Chief Oliver and Capt. Butler of the county police on the grounds that they were "too old and infirm to perform their duties properly." Brunswick was chosen by the U. S. Chamber of Commerce as one of 52 cities in the U. S. in which post-war studies will be made. Contrary to the custom of previous years, the Stars and Stripes flew in downtown Atlanta on Confederate Memorial Day in addition to the Confederate flag.

IDAHO

Farmers and merchants in Washington County and Malheur County, Oreg., were taking a course in Spanish at Weiser so they could converse with the Mexican laborers being imported for farm work. The Allied Civic Forces, Idaho's anti-liquor group, planned a drive to force local-option elections throughout the state. Arthur Hodges, former mayor of Boise, died at 80. Snow or rain had fallen nearly every day for two weeks, giving south-central Idaho one of the coldest and wettest springs in years. A break in the low-line ditch on the Stanley Robinson farm in Sunny Slope near Caldwell led to the discovery of what was believed to be the tusk of a prehistoric mastodon.

ILLINOIS

Ray Edmundson, who gave up his $8,000-a-year job as head of the United Mine Workers (CIO) in Illinois, took a job in a Springfield mine at $8.25 a day. Because of gasoline rationing, Kewanee canceled its Memorial Day parade for the first time. Decatur started a campaign for $330,000 still needed for its $618,000 YMCA, to be built after the war. Harold Challand became superintendent of Sterling schools. After working 72 years in the Madison Mercantile Store, Henry Wiedey of Edwardsville retired at 85. A proposal by the East St. Louis PTA Council that a course in sex education be introduced in the public schools was rejected by the school board.

INDIANA

With the appointment of 17 new policewomen in Indianapolis, women made up 10 percent of the force. At Franklin, the Masonic Home High School and Franklin High were consolidated. Nathan Hall became Bloomington's new police chief. Because of a flood, voters in Wabash Township in Gibson County traveled by boat to cast their ballots in the primary election. Knox County peony growers expected a bumper crop of blooms but had inadequate cold-storage facilities. Bedford established a curfew forbidding children under 16 to be out after 10 P.M. Fire destroyed an Indianapolis landmark, the old rolling mill on West McCarty Street.

IOWA

The Ottumwa YWCA protested a proposal to locate a state liquor store across the street from its building. Dog-track owners left Council Bluffs, apparently canceling the annual races, which were opposed by recently elected Mayor Byers. The state prepared to restore the 100-year-old Iowa City home of Robert Lucas, the first territorial governor of Iowa, as a historical landmark. Within three days, Amel Priest and Marvin Armstrong killed two old wolves and caught 20 young ones near Winterset. R. J. Phelps, chairman, and C. R. McCann, alternate chairman, were removed from the Johnson County Rationing Board by the OPA.

LOUISIANA

James Davis, author of numerous hillbilly songs, including "You Are My Sunshine," was inaugurated the state's 45th governor. The State Board of Education approved a 12-year school plan for elementary and high-school students. New taxicab rates in New Orleans: 50 cents for the first three miles and 10 cents each additional mile. A frog owned by 13-year-old William Kimball won the Mark Twain jumping-frog contest at the Annunciation Playground, New Orleans, with three consecutive leaps covering 12 feet, 8½ inches.

MAINE

James Fenner was named Belfast's city manager. Since Pearl Harbor, South Portland's public-school enrollment had increased to 3,618, a gain of 47 percent. Seventeen-year-old George Ulman of Monson, a Colby College sophomore, won the annual Portland Boys' Club five-mile race. E. N. Jacques of Manchester complained that low-flying airplanes stampeded his turkey flock, injuring and killing many birds. Norman Perkins of Waterville was named physical-education director of Bangor High. State conservation officials planned to release 200,000 Atlantic and silver salmon in Maine waters this year.

MARYLAND

After taking a 10-week summer course at the Towson State Teachers' College, about 100 high-school graduates will be used as full-time teachers in Anne Arundel and Baltimore Counties next fall. Fire destroyed the Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Bushwood, St. Marys County. Essex police arrested Harnley Hooks Jr. of Middle River after the car he was said to be driving at 75 miles per hour plowed into a crowd of people viewing the results of another accident on Eastern Avenue, Baltimore, killing six persons and injuring two others critically.

MASSACHUSETTS

William Slayton lost his fight for reinstatement as superintendent of Waltham's schools. Police were assigned to Boston's Franklin Park Zoo on week ends to prevent small boys from bothering the monkeys. Judge John Sullivan of Middleboro was named to the Superior Court bench. Revere's Mayor Carey was cleared of charges that he had driven his car to Florida in violation of gas-ration limitations. In North Andover, a fire alarm was sounded to call blood donors for 5-year-old Bernard Toomey, who lost his right leg in a bus accident.

MICHIGAN

Because of a shortage of players, Mason's only golf course was being used as a sheep pasture. Circuit Judge Hart suspended Mrs. Winifred Dudd, Midland court reporter for 30 years, on grounds that she criticized his competence and worked in behalf of defendants in his court. John Kurzawa, sentenced at Detroit in 1940

MOURNERS. Ex-Gov. Smith; daughter, Mrs. John Warner, and son, Capt. Al Smith Jr., enter St. Patrick's Cathedral for the funeral of Mrs. Alfred E. Smith Sr.

HELLO POP. Mother helps four-day-old Robert P. Labouy Jr. bawl greetings from St. Louis hospital to his Seabee father 4,000 miles away in South Pacific.

WAR BALLOTS. John J. Kiernan of the AG's publication division checks the first batch of GI war-ballot application forms before shipment overseas.

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to life imprisonment for murdering two motorists and stealing their cars, was critically wounded by guards while attempting to escape from Marquette Prison. Michigan State College students wore black armbands to protest the faculty-ordered suspension of their humor magazine, *Spartan*, for "violation of good taste."

MISSOURI

With the addition of 40 acres, Kansas City's Swope Park became the state's largest park inside a city. At Dodson, more than 100 Center High students struck because the school board refused to reemploy Supt. Bradley and Principal Jenkins. Four employees of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad drowned at St. Louis when the flat-bottomed motorboat in which they were being ferried from the railroad roundhouse across a flooded area along Doddridge Street capsized. William Nelson, 55-year-old Tennessee mountaineer, refused to leave his cell in the Buchanan County Jail at St. Joseph after serving 11 days for vagrancy, explaining "there isn't much you can do on a Tennessee farm this time of year."

MONTANA

One of the greatest gushers in the history of the Kevin Sunburst oilfield was finally brought under control. E. H. Fellbaum of Plentywood was named to succeed W. W. Wahl as principal of Helena High School. In order to save gasoline, W. F. Trask sent the Billings Police Department enough money to pay his four fines for overparking and a "deposit" sufficient to pay for six more fines. Butte High sophomores won the annual interclass track meet for the first time, with the juniors, seniors and freshmen finishing in that order. Died: Harry Smith, 60, Missoula police commissioner.

NEVADA

Fallon's City Council revoked its ban prohibiting minors from entering bars and clubs but stipulated that they could be served no intoxicating drinks. Charles Priest, superintendent of Carson City schools for the past 18 years, retired. W. S. Sawle succeeded C. E. Byrd as superintendent of Tonopah schools. At Goldfield, Mrs. Lillian Ott was granted her sixth divorce. Redheaded Annabelle Allen was arraigned in Reno District Court on charges of stealing $5,000 at gun point from Willie Gee, Chinese chef at the Dog House, a Reno night club.

NEW JERSEY

The worst forest fire in 15 years in the Hammonton area swept 4,000 acres of timberland and threatened the communities of Pleasant Mills, Batsto, West Mills and Rockwood. Montclair was compelled to donate an American flag to Nutley as the result of a contest in which each city tried to turn out the higher percentage of its total registration on municipal election day; Nutley's Mayor Sherwood was defeated and Montclair's Mayor Faulkner was reelected. Mrs. Mary Murphy of Radburn completed her 500th sweater for the American Red Cross. Adm. Ernest J. King announced that the 45,000-ton battleship *New Jersey* had been commissioned.

NEW YORK

State Industrial Commissioner Corsi announced that New York State would soon offer discharged veterans free vocational training in air transportation and in industries believed likely to expand after the war. En route to serve on an Albany County jury, Mrs. Katherine Devane obeyed a more urgent summons and gave birth to an 8-pound son in an Albany hospital. One woman was killed and seven were injured at Middletown when an Erie passenger train struck a platform baggage truck, hurling it into a crowd of 50 persons. New York City police arrested Isidor Wolfsohn, a meter-reader for Commonwealth Edison, who was said to have earned more than $10,000 annually for 20 years by turning back the dials on electric meters for 100 large consumers.

NORTH CAROLINA

Charlotte was considering several sites for the War Memorial and Civic Center being planned as a post-war project. State police stopped motorists on the Salisbury highway and required them to remove 1942 license plates from the front of their cars. A $40,000 fire destroyed Bob's Laundry at Concord. Six persons were injured and much property was damaged by a tornado that hit in the Pine Level area near Selma. In the State Democratic Convention at Raleigh, North Carolina's 30 votes at the National Convention were pledged to President Roosevelt.

NORTH DAKOTA

At Fargo, 2,200 pounds of meat was hung so that it would be properly aged a month later for the mammoth barbecue planned by the Chamber of Commerce as a feature of the annual four-state sale of the National Aberdeen-Angus Breeders Association. At Wahpeton, Theodore Stelten succeeded Leo Gillas as commander of the Hafner-Miller-Rose Post of the American Legion. Ten-year-old Caroline Schultz was killed by a Great Northern freight train at Langdon.

OHIO

Cleveland's old Main Avenue Low-Level Bridge across the Cuyahoga River was ordered demolished by the War Department. Ruth Shepard, 14-year-old Poland High student, won the Youngstown *Vindicator's* annual spelling bee by spelling the words "silhouette" and "tambourine" correctly. Earl Mauck, associate editor of the Gallipolis *Tribune*, signed this ad which appeared on the front page of his paper: "I am a candidate for a second term as Republican state central committeeman but can think of no good reason why I should be elected or why my opponent should be defeated"; Mauck was opposed by B. Lewis Jones of Rio Grande.

OKLAHOMA

A gang of nine Oklahoma City schoolboys were charged with stealing 48 automobiles within 60 days. Five baby wolves were dug from a den by two Pawhuska youths just outside the city limits. The Tulsa YMCA burned its mortgage. At Welch, a tornado removed the debris from a recent flood without injuring anyone. The 3-million-dollar prisoner-of-war camp near McAlester was to be discontinued so that prisoners could be placed in more strategic working positions. R. W. Hutto of Norman was elected to succeed L. C. Wright of Blackwell as president of the Oklahoma Bankers Association.

OREGON

Three women passengers were fatally injured when a California-bound Greyhound bus skidded off the highway near Azalea. Eugene's worst fire since 1941 did $100,000 damage to the Siglohr-Sawyer Machine Company. Floyd Capps of Burns and Oscar Davis, a flight instructor at Hale Field, Mont., earned $2,432 in 35 days from the pelts of 278 coyotes they shot in Harney County from an airplane. John Gary, principal of West Linn High for 25 years, planned to retire at the end of the school year. A three-alarm fire caused $70,000 damage to the Owl drug store in Southwest Washington Street, Portland.

PENNSYLVANIA

Gov. Martin signed a soldier-vote bill whereby the names of absentee service voters may be obtained from any source without the necessity of the voters registering in person; ballots will be mailed 65 days before the election. A million-dollar fire destroyed the Lebanon plant of the National Radiator Corporation. Severe property damage was done 30 homes in Plymouth Township by a mine cave-in. The Harrisburg Chamber of Commerce voted to allow retail-store employees time off to attend church services on the day the European invasion starts. Eight brides-to-be fled when a bridal-gown shop on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, caught fire.

TENNESSEE

Two trainmen were killed and a passenger was seriously hurt when the *Pan American* of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad was derailed near Keeling. Rhea County Sheriff Ballard held Charles Blevins of Ogden, near Dayton, on murder charges in connection with the death of Jedd Edmondson, who was killed in a dispute over a property line. E. H. Crump, Shelby County political leader, promised to support Senator McKellar for reelection in 1946. Two Chattanooga residents were married in an ambulance at Rossville, across the state line in Georgia, while the bride was en route home from a hospital.

TEXAS

Dallas planned to build 21 airports eventually after the war. The largest tomato-packing plant in east Texas was to be built at Tyler. Atty. Homer Stephenson was nominated mayor of Orange in the Democratic primary. Three of the four women clerks in the Brownsville Draft Board office resigned in protest of the removal of Board Chairman Davenport. A huge alligator, which often sun-bathed on the lawns of the Highland Park section of Dallas, was shot and wounded by a policeman but escaped into a nearby lake.

VERMONT

The Rutland Airport Commission made plans to erect a hangar and hire a manager for MacArthur Field. John Phalen, state representative of the Veterans' Employment Service, announced that 1,700 Vermont servicemen had returned to civilian life. The Vermont Copper Company reopened the old mine at South Strafford, and ore was being hauled over a new black-top road to Pompanoosuc for reloading. Norwich citizens cooperated to build a swimming pool on the estate of Mrs. MacAulay.

WASHINGTON

Fireman Kenneth Bye of Spokane crawled 100 feet over the Spokane River rapids on a fire-department ladder to rescue a taxi driver and his passenger, trapped in a half-submergd taxi that had plunged from the Howard Street Bridge. Wenatchee fruit growers were faced with a shortage of packing boxes. J. M. Butler, Seattle traffic cop, handed out cigars with tickets for traffic violations to celebrate the birth of a daughter in his family. Passengers on the ferries operating between Seattle and Bainbridge Island openly played poker and blackjack.

WEST VIRGINIA

Judge Clarence Meadows of Beckley defeated Rush D. Holt for the Democratic nomination for governor; Mayor Dawson of Charleston was nominated by the Republicans. Charles Kline, 83-year-old lodger in a Fairmont mission home, was held in the Marion County jail on charges of counterfeiting nickels from pieces of scrap and bottle caps. A new community building containing an auditorium and clinic hall was opened in Ordnance Park, St. Albans. Charleston police arrested three men for a series of thefts in Charleston and Fayette County that netted them more than $4,000 in cash and merchandise.

WYOMING

Cheyenne police and school officials clamped down on hazing which was being practiced by grade as well as high-school students. The University of Wyoming board of trustees voted to allow the university to resume intercollegiate athletic competition next year if enough athletes are available. Mrs. Josephine Budd, believed to be Wyoming's oldest resident, celebrated her 102d birthday at Big Piney. The Cheyenne Chamber of Commerce held a dinner at the Plains Hotel to commemorate the 75th anniversary of the driving of the golden spike on the Union Pacific Railroad.

CAMPAIGN BARGE. Forbidden to campaign on the streets, the United Mail Order Employees Union (CIO) operated this barge past the Montgomery Ward plant in Chicago before the NLRB election. The union won the election the day the Government turned plant back to private management two weeks after seizing it.

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SPRINGTIME IN ODs

Spring Complaint

It is hard to be a soldier in the spring
When this harassed old world brandishes forth
in beauty.
The tired faces glow with virile rapture.
The faded views sparkle with magnificent
exuberance!

Then, instead of manning a gun with hate in
your soul,
You want to stretch out eager arms to nature
And love with an intensity
That is terrifying, blessed.

Oh, it is hard to be a soldier in the spring—
To kill, when inside of you the urge
To create cries out, vainly.

—T-4 JOSEPHINE PAGLIAI

Fletcher Gen. Hosp., Cambridge, Ohio

We Are Young Men

We are young men; we love the youth of spring.
The warm, sweet April wind might be a choir,
Singing of other April loves (the sting
Of memory made soft with new desire).
In spring, when promises become a net
To catch the words we spoke for speaking's sake,
It seems to us we almost could forget
That death's the only promise we may make.

We are young men, and love's a young man's food.
And moonlight makes two shadows sharp and
small
When lovers breathe more magic into night.
But bombers need the moonlight for their mood:
A mood untender when their half-tons fall
And sing of love's destruction in their flight.

Maxton AAB, N. C. —Sgt. PHILIP R. BENJAMIN

Post No. 7, First Relief

His carbine slung, the guard walks pace by pace
Along the motor pool down by the lake
Just after guard mount. Clouds above like lace
Shine in the sunset's glow. He got a break:
His guard came on a night of starting spring.
The air is mild and as the darkness falls
And colors gray, frogs croak and peepers sing.
Like sleeping elephants in circus stalls
Stand 10-wheel trucks and bulky medium tanks.
The surface of the lake reflects metallic light
And forms a background for the vehicles' ranks,
Hoarse cadence counting marches through the
night.
Of course he gripes that he's on guard again;
He'd like a date with that brunette the most.
Still here is beauty which no order can
Prevent from sneaking in an Army post.

Fort Jackson, S. C. —Pfc. WALTER KUTTNER

■

COMPLAINT TO AN EMPTY PURSE

I used to dream that *Harpers*
Would plead to get my work.
While I'd shrug off each offer
With a supercilious smirk.

Each editor from every mag
From pulps to slicks on through
Would plead with me to condescend
To send a line or two.

I wouldn't look at *Esquire*—
It's quite beyond the pale—
Though maybe the *New Yorker*
I'd favor with a tale.

And now and then the *Satevepost*
Might get to print my stuff,
But that was if—and *only* if—
Their checks were large enough.

My income from my writings
Would overflow the bank—
But now I'm glad to settle for
A squib—for free—in YANK.

Alaska —Cpl. LESTER ASHEIM

THE MOURNERS' BENCH

The mourners' bench is full, and still they come
From neighboring homes or from some foreign
shore.
The mourners' bench is full, and still it seems
There's always room for more.

What matters now the language that they speak?
What shape of nose, what gods, what hue of skin?
For by the rule of Death's democracy
All dead are friends, all fallen kin.

Here weeps a Russian mother for her son
Who died upon the charge that made
A widow of the *hausfrau* next to her,
And who can say these debts are paid?

Now listen to a Shinto prayer that pleads
For one who sniped ere Buna's ring was
breached;
The while in Brooklyn silent candles burn
For him whose heart that sniper's bullet reached.

While in Berlin a new small grave assures
A child's peace from a Fortress-haunted sky;
And back in London one more woman learns
To count no more the bombers as they fly.

So goes the tale; from every land they come,
For sorrow's congregation knows no ban.
The mourners' bench is full; its crowded ranks
Decry man's inhumanity to man.

Alaska —Pvt. RAYMOND E. LEE

BONUS

You can give us all a bonus
Or keep trying to disown us:
That's something for the folks to calculate.
I don't envy you the task,
But what I would like to ask
Is how much you'll pay a guy who lost his mate?

There's a medal and citation
For each service to the nation
By fighting men who go through war's worst hells.
I think Congress should declare one,
Yes and let each GI wear one
Who found his girl friend married someone else.

It's quite easy to determine
The effects of steel and vermin
On servicemen whose task was so immense.
But someone must be aware of
And attempt to take good care of
Those wounded souls, the jilted GI gents.

Trinidad —Sgt. IRVING CARESS

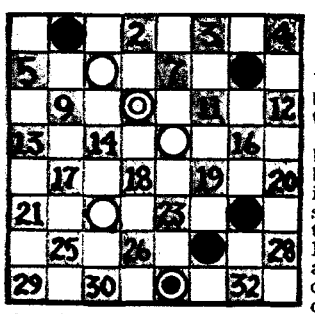
PLANE SPOTTER

CAN you identify the five planes listed below? The letters of their names have been slightly scrambled. For instance, I AX HALF would be a HALIFAX after you sorted out the letters.

You should be able to spot these five planes easily in 15 minutes.

1. RIPE FIST _____ 3. NIMBLE HE _____
2. SLANT RACE _____ 4. NOW TELLING _____
5. OF FEW LUCK _____

CHECKER STRATEGY



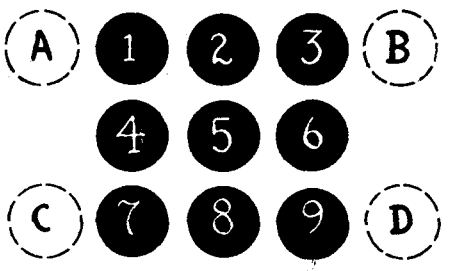
HERE is one of the prettiest ideas on the checkerboard. White, although a piece behind, still has a chance to win.

Take your checkerboard and number the black playing squares on it from 1 to 32 as shown, so you'll be able to keep track of your moves. Now set up the checkers as indicated. The white circles represent red checkers. The one with the circle inside it on square 10 is a white king. The black circles represent black checkers, and the one on 31 is a black king.

THE PROBLEM: White moves first and wins.

IT was her eyes that got us, her green eyes. Hold her picture in front of you or pin it up 10 feet away and move around. Those eyes will hold on to you like an antiaircraft searchlight beam. In addition to eyes, Ella Raines has enough other charm—and talent—to make her a promising young film star. Her new one for Universal is "The Suspect."

PUZZLE IN PENNIES



LAY out nine pennies as shown. All expect the penny in the center should be heads up.

PROBLEM: Remove all the pennies except the center "tails" by jumping, as in checkers. Start with any penny you like and jump one of its neighbors. You can go in any direction—horizontal, vertical or diagonal. For instance, No. 8 can jump either to position A, B, C or D. As soon as you have jumped a penny, discard it. Thus you could jump No. 8 to position C, discarding No. 7. Then you could jump No. 1 to position 7, discarding No. 4, and so on. Use any penny, including No. 5, to jump any other penny, but you've got to end up with No. 5 on the board and all the others discarded.

TEE-TOTAL WINNERS

M	U	J	I	K
U			U	
L			J	
C			U	
H	U	S	K	

DOMESTIC. Second-time winners (tied at 291): Pfc. Jack Keen, Fort Worth, Tex.; Sgt. Gunnar Lindstrom, Peterson Field, Colo.; Pvt. Everett Refior, Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C. Prize puzzle kits go to these first-time winners: Sgt. Roy Smith, Indianapolis, whose solution is shown (299); Sgt. F. G. Meisterheim, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. (295), and Pvt. Robert Belcher, Camp Berkeley, Tex.; Cpl. Fritz Hintze, Quantico, Va.; Pvt. Frank Rockwell, Army Med. Center, Washington, D. C., and Sgt. James Ryan, Selfridge Field, Mich. (all tied at 291).

		V	E	N	T	
A	N	T	E			E
N			R			N
T			V			T
S	T	R	E	T	C	H

OVERSEAS. Eleventh-time winner: William Reiter SF2c (414); third-time winner: John Mumma ARM1c (401); second-time winner: S/Sgt. Leland Young (406). Prize puzzle kits go to these first-time winners: T/Sgt. H. Shenker, whose solution is shown (432); Pvt. W. F. Steinberg (404), T-4 Thurston V. Adamson (403), T-5 Vaiano Vaiani (402), Pfc. Leonard Bratek (401), Maj. Ivan Isaacs (395), Sgt. Joe Ichikawa (395). NOTE TO STEINBERG: Send Puzzle Editor your *complete* address.

PLURAL QUIZ

EVERYBODY knows that the plural of *boy* is *boys* and the plural of *man* is *men*, but some words are trickier. Can you form the plural of each of these 10 words or phrases correctly?

If you score eight correct or better, you're good.

1. OPUS
2. MONGOOSE
3. TITMOUSE
4. SERGEANT MAJOR
5. INSPECTOR GENERAL
6. JUDGE ADVOCATE
7. NOTARY PUBLIC
8. EMPHASIS
9. EMBRYO
10. GALLOWS

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

PLANE SPOTTER. 1. Spitfire. 2. Lancaster. 3. Blenheim. 4. Wellington. 5. Focke-Wulf.

CHECKER STRATEGY. White pitches 15 to 11. Black jumps 8 to 15 . . . White jumps 10 to 19 to 28. Black 1 to 10. . . . White squeezes 28 to 32. Black moves, either 10 to 14 or 10 to 15. . . . White jumps 32 to 23—and Black is finished.

PUZZLE IN PENNIES. 5 jumps over 8, 7, 1 & 3—9 jumps over 6—4 jumps over 2 & 9. Finally 5 jumps over 4.

PLURAL QUIZ. 1. Operas. 2. Mongooses. 3. Titmice. 4. Sergeants major. 5. Inspectors general. 6. Judge advocates. 7. Notaries public. 8. Emphases. 9. Embryos. 10. Gallowses.

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DERBY FINISH. Pensive, 7-1 shot ridden by Conn McCreary, wins the Kentucky Derby by 4½ lengths with Broadcloth second and Stir Up third. He earned $65,675.

ONE-MAN SHOW. Pitcher Bill Dietrich scores in the tenth inning to win his own ball game and give Chicago a 3-2 victory over Cleveland. Bill Susce is sprawled on the ground vainly attempting to tag Dietrich.

OLD HOME WEEK. The Cubs' new manager, Charlie Grimm, who managed the team from 1932 to '38, gets acquainted with his players after taking over reins from Jimmy Wilson, who returned to Cincinnati.

Big moments

COLUMBIA'S JUNIOR VARSITY TAKES A DUNKING AS THEIR SHELL IS SWAMPED BY WIND-KICKED HARLEM RIVER. CORNELL WON WITH FOUR INCHES OF WATER IN ITS

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SPORTS: STORY OF FOOTSY BRITT, CONGRESSIONAL WINNER

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

ATLA[illegible] trot Lions' [illegible] all right in this war. Tackle John Thompson, USNR, won the Silver Sta[illegible] the No[illegible] African invasion and End Maurice (Footsy) Britt picked up the Congressional Medal of Honor, British Military Cross, Silver Star and Purple Heart in the Italian campaign.

Until somebody digs down into the history books and finds where some ancient bare-knuckle fighter won the Congressional Medal in the Spanish-American War, we will stick by Britt as the only professional athlete to win the award.

Britt's story, as he tells it from a bed in Lawson General Hospital, where he is recuperating from the loss of his right arm, sounds like something a Hollywood script writer might have dreamed up in an opium den. It makes better reading than all his football exploits put together. Better, for instance, than when he caught a touchdown pass in the last three minutes of play to beat the Philadelphia Eagles, 21-17. Or the afternoon when he snagged 10 passes to set up every one of Arkansas' touchdowns in a 27-12 victory over a great Tulsa team.

Probably the best way to tell Britt's story is to tell how he won each of his medals. His first two decorations, the Silver Star and Purple Heart, came at Acerno when the 3d Division was making its big push on Naples. Britt, then a first lieutenant, took over command of Company L when its commander was wounded and led it in an all-day running battle against a battalion of Germans.

The Germans threw everything in the book, including tanks, at Britt's rifle company, but he held on and even gained ground. One machine-gun nest in particular, tucked away in a cornfield, was raising all kinds of hell with the company. Britt sent a couple of men to knock it out, but they couldn't locate it. Finally Britt went after it himself. The Germans picked him up with machine-gun fire at 60 yards, but he managed to crawl within 40 yards and let go with an antitank grenade. He kayoed them with the first one.

Shortly afterward Britt was wounded in the leg by mortar fire, but he refused to be evacuated. He stuck with his company until Acerno had been captured. For all of this he was given the Silver Star and Purple Heart.

Britt added the Congressional Medal and British Cross to his collection at Mount Rotundo in November. His company was holding two high peaks flanking the road to Rome, and during the night the Germans surprised and captured a machine-gun crew holding the right flank by yelling confused orders in English. When Britt was making his rounds the next morning he saw the captured machine-gun crew strolling toward him from the German lines in the thick brush.

"At first it didn't sink through my thick skull that the Germans were using our men [illegible] field. [illegible] worse, but one German eight-ball [illegible] one in every Army [illegible] cut loose with his machine pistol and started screaming, 'Surrender, surrender.' I yelled to the prisoners to take off and then started firing myself. Most of the prisoners got away, but we couldn't move. Behind us was an open field, which meant it would have been suicide to withdraw, and ahead of us were Germans. God knows how many. They seemed to be everywhere."

What took place during the next two hours was nothing short of a miracle. Britt and eight men fought Germans on three sides without losing a man and only two of them were wounded. Britt covered the woods like a roving center. He threw grenades—somebody said he threw 33, but he didn't stop to count them—and fired anything he could lay his hands on, including some of the enemy's stuff. He knocked out one machine-gun nest, killing five or eight Germans, just as they were leveling down on Cpl. Eric Gibson. With the help of Gibson, he got another nest, killing four more men. He was wounded three times, once in the leg by a bullet and in the hip and back by mortar fire. His canteen was punctured and his binoculars were shattered, but despite all of this he kept moving forward. Standing up, too.

When the Germans withdrew, Britt counted 35 enemy dead and found four Krauts left behind wounded. One of the wounded told him the Germans used 100 men in an effort to surround the eight Americans. "When I heard that, I really got frightened," he said.

Britt and his wife Jane at Lawson General Hospital.

Britt not only saved his own company by repulsing the German counterattack, but he kept his battalion from being cut off and isolated and at the same time protected a British company on his other flank. The British gave him the Military Cross, which corresponds to our DSC, and we gave him an Oak Leaf Cluster for his Purple Heart and the Medal of Honor. And as a Christmas present, Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark gave him a battlefield promotion to captain.

Later at Anzio, Britt lost his right arm while directing artillery fire from a farmhouse. A shell from a German Mark IV came whistling through the window and blew off his arm below the elbow and fractured every bone in his foot.

"They couldn't hit me again if they fired at that window every day for two months," philosophized Britt. "It was strictly a lucky shot."

Britt isn't sure what he will do after the war. He has several offers to coach football, including one from his old high school in Lonoke, Ark., and a radio station in Indianapolis wants to hire him at a fancy price as a news commentator.

"But I might become a sports writer," he said, grinning. "That sounds like an easy life."

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

If you happen to see a guy moseying around Naples, dressed in the latest civvies and looking like **Joe Savoldi**, don't be surprised if he turns out to be your old pal Jumping Joe. The Army borrowed Savoldi from the Navy, where he used to be a PT skipper, and assigned him to the Naples police force as a plain-clothes man. His boss, **Maj. Mike Mikulak**, an old Chicago pro Cardinal halfback, credits Joe personally with breaking up one of the bigger black-market rings. . . . **Lt. Bernie Crimmins**, ex-Notre Dame footballer, is one of the most popular boys in New Guinea, on account of he owns the only roulette wheel on the island. . . . Too bad **Lt. (jg) Joe Beggs**, the Reds' rookie pitcher, and **Moe Berg**, the old Red Sox catcher, were never a battery. Beggs can pitch conversation in five languages. . . . **Cpl. Frankie Kovacs**, the tennis screwball, is back in the States after 14 months in Australia as a PT instructor. . . . **Lt. Clint Frank**, Yale's great halfback of 1936-'37, is now aide to Maj. Gen. Jimmy Doolittle in England.

Ordered for induction: **Early Wynn**, 18-game winner for Washington, by the Navy; **Mel Almada**, former Senator, Brown and Dodger outfielder, by the Army; **Harry Gumbert**, Cardinal pitcher, by the Army; **Wilbur Moore**, Minnesota-Washington Redskins halfback, by the Marines; **Ken Keltner**, Cleveland third baseman, by the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Lou Boudreau**, playing manager of the Indians, because of an arthritic condition in his fractured right ankle; **Johnny Hopp**, Cardinal outfielder, because of a bad back; **Gene Moore**, Browns' outfielder, because of two bad knees; **Al Gerheauser**, Phillies' pitcher, because of hip and back injuries. . . . *Discharged:* **Willis Hudlin**, one-time big-league pitcher and 1942 manager of the Little Rock club, from the Army with a CDD.

Commissioned: **Frank Leahy**, coach of Notre Dame's national football champions, as a full lieutenant in the Navy; **Ted Williams**, former Red Sox slugger, as a second lieutenant and fighter pilot in the Marines; **Andy Phillip**, one of the famous Illinois Whiz Kids, as a second lieutenant in the Marines. . . . *Appointed:* **Tom Hayes**, Colorado's All-Rocky Mountain end, to West Point.

CONGRATULATIONS were in order for Ted Williams when he received his wings and commission at the Pensacola (Fla.) Naval Air Station.

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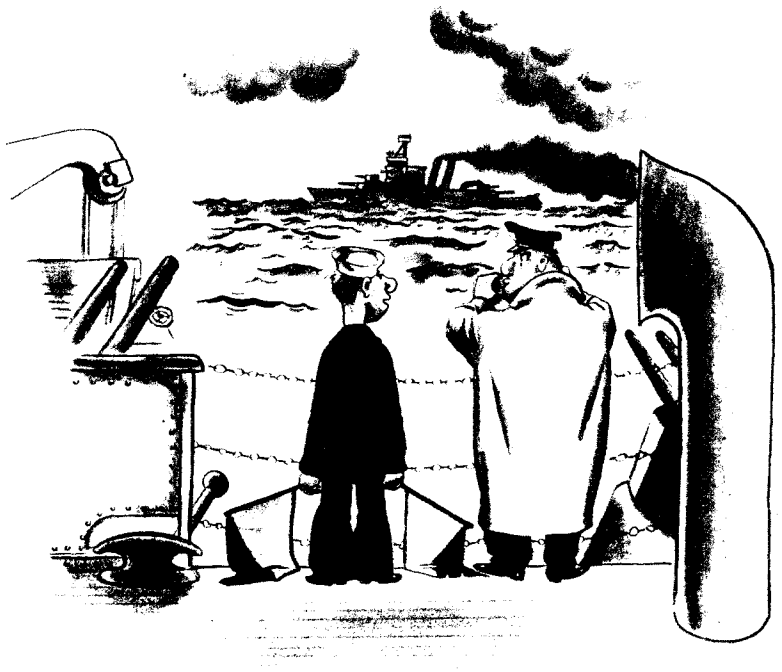
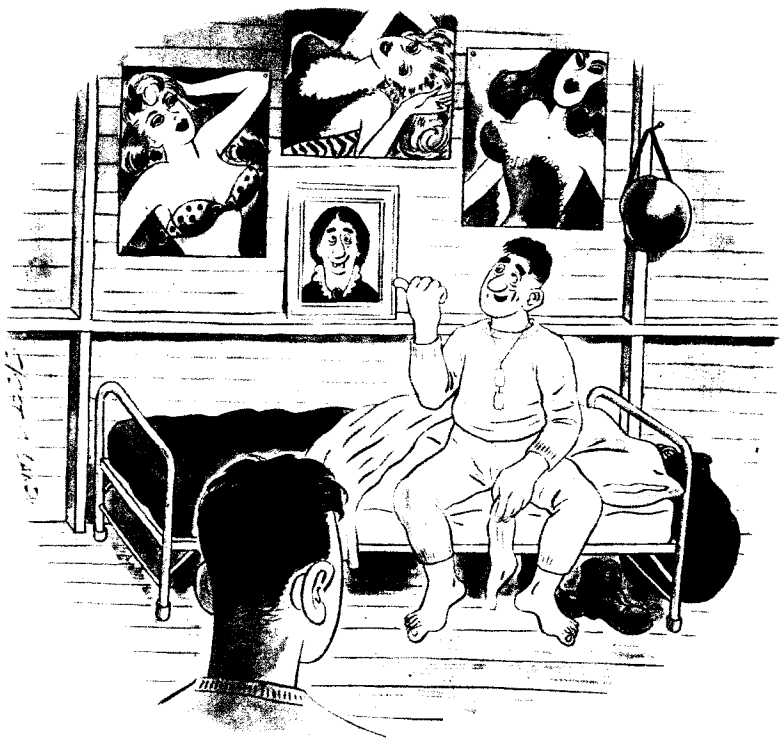


"HE SAYS FOR YOU TO TAKE THE MARBLES OUT OF YOUR MOUTH."
—Pvt. Thomas Flannery



"I DREAMED ABOUT THE LITTLE WOMAN LAST NIGHT."
—Sgt. Sidney Landi

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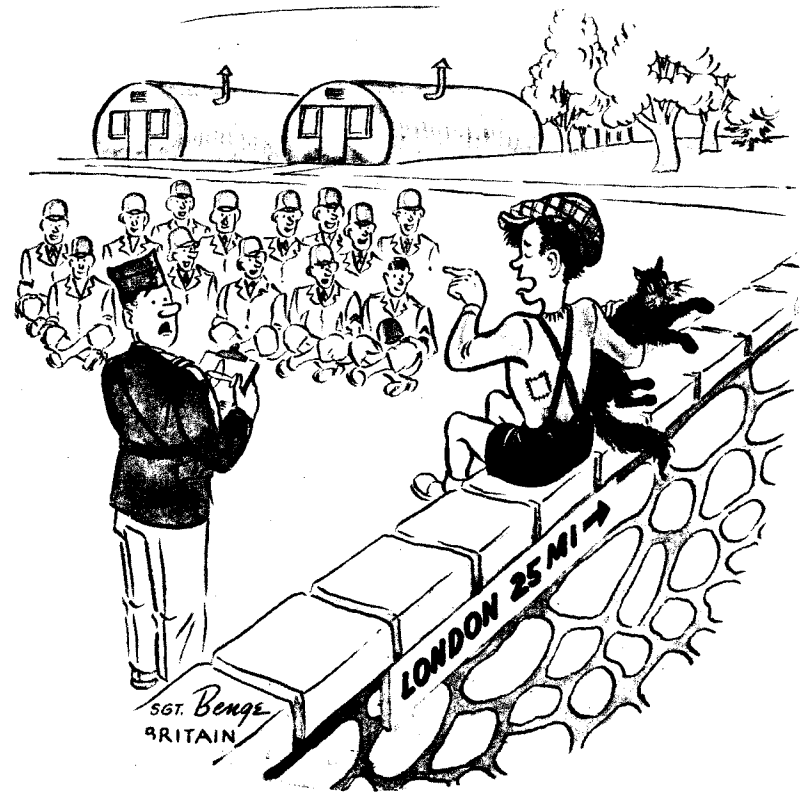

"YOU FAILED TO MENTION, CAPTAIN, THAT THE SPITFIRE HAS FULL DIHEDRAL, AND CHARACTERISTICALLY ELLIPTICALLY CURVED WING OUTLINE, THAT THE STABILIZER AND ELEVATOR ARE SET HIGH ON THE FUSELAGE AND ALSO THAT THE MARK IX VERSION HAS RADIATOR INTAKE UNDER BOTH WINGS."
—Sgt. Ray Benge

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"I HAD TROUBLE MAKING TRAIN CONNECTIONS."
—Cpl. Art Gates

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